Halo 2: Sucked In!

by CT-325

Summary: Alexander Silverman, an energetic boy, enthusiastic gamer, and a person that's sucked into Halo 2. When he is, he is desperate to find his way out. But in the Halo world, if he dies, he doesn't get an extra life... Better than it sounds. ch 12 uploaded!

    1. Part One: Sucked in!

PART ONE: Sucked In!

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><p>Disclaimer: I don't own Halo.<p>

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><p><strong>Sunday12 November 2006
Military**

Calendar/Brisbane/QLD/Australia/

1023EST

Alex Silverman ran home and turned on his Xbox.

"We got it!" he shouted.

"We got Halo 2!"

His older brother ran into the room, picking up his control and plopping himself on the couch. The game started up, and they quickly designed their characters. Alex's character was a Spartan with blue armour, spotted slightly with red, and the name was 'Pvt. Silverman'. His brother, Andrew, was and Elite, that was mainly gold, with black parts, and the name was '1 ugly mofo'. They started up a match, normal slayer, with snipers on Coagulation.

Xbox computer: **Snipers: Coagulation.**

1 vs. 1 (Pvt. Silverman) (1 ugly mofo).

Pvt. Silverman in Ghost, 1 ugly mofo picked up 2 plasma gren-.

1 ugly mofo splattered by Pvt. Silverman, respawning in 5-.

Pvt. Silverman out of Ghost, Pvt. Silverman through teleporter.

Respawning in 1. 1 ugly mofo respawne-.

Pvt. Silverman picked up three fragmentation grenades.

1 ugly mofo in Warthog.

Pvt. Silverman fired 1 shot.

1 ugly mofo snipered by Pvt. Silv-.

Pvt. Silverman reloading.

"That was cheap!" protested Andrew, picking up 2 plasma grenades.

"Aww." mocked Alex, putting on an 'upset' face. "Is Andrew upset because he's being owned by his 13 year old brother?"

"I'll show you owned!"

They played for another hour, winning and losing several matches, then laughing about what fun they'd had.

"Next weekend," said Andrew. "We need to do campaign.

"Yeah," agreed Alex.

* * *

><p>"So," Alex said into the phone.<p>

"Are you allowed to come over this weekend?"

"_Yeah_," replied his best friend, Kiel Vern.

"_Is your brother cool with it_?"

"Yeah: every time someone dies, he's going to swap with them, and vice-versa."

"_Cool. Who else is coming_?"

"Harry Ryan and Jonno, you know: Jon Fansill."

"_Okay, so: come to your house Friday arvo, and sleep over for the night_?"

"Yep.

"_OK: See ya then_."

"Bye."

Alex hung up and ran into his brother's room.

"They're coming!"

"Good: they can see me whoop your ass!"

"Been practicing, have you?"

They both laughed at those remarks, and then Alex went off to his room to read.

* * *

><p><strong>Friday17 November 2006
Military**

Calendar/Brisbane/QLD/Australia/

1611EST

The 5 of them ran into the lounge room, after talking all the way from the train station to the front door.

"Bags 1st control!" said Alex, picking up his wireless controller.

"2nd!" Jonno shouted.

"3rd!" Harry said.

Kiel picked up the 4th controller and Andrew walked in, imitating a commentator.

"Tonight at the Silverman household, the greatest Halo 2 matches will take place, so get ready for the biggest ass-whooping contest ever!"

"Hey," asked Kiel.

"Isn't your Xbox one of those prototype one's that has that fail-safe thing?"

The fail-safe was, in case of a blackout or power failure, that the Xbox would keep running, as would the T.V that it is plugged into, but the rest of the house would stay powerless.

"The first," said Andrew with a mischievous grin.

Kiel laughed.

"I am _not_ going to ask how you got it."

The game started up, and soon they were playing Midship on Rockets.

Xbox Computer: Midship: Rockets.

1 vs. 1 vs. 1 vs. 1 (Pvt. Silverman) vs. (JF) vs. (Disturbed) vs. (Kill Ferns)

Disturbed picked up 2 rounds f-.

Kill Ferns killed Pv-.

JF picked up 2 p-.

Pvt. Silverman respaw-.

Disturbed stuc-.

Pvt. Silverman killed J-.

Disturbed killed P-.

JF respawning in 2-.

Kill Ferns respawned.

Pvt. Silv-.

Pvt Silverman picked up 2 gren-.

Double Kill: Pvt Silverman.

JF killed P-.

Kill Ferns r-.

Disturbed respawned.

â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦

"I'm so good!" said Alex. "See that double kill!"

"Prove it, then!" said Andrew.

"Fine: I'll go outside and own you all."

"But there's a storm coming!"

That didn't worry Alex, because his control was waterproof. He walked outside and stared through the window as he played against his friends. Soon, it started to drip, but Alex hardly took notice â€“ the shades above his head would stop him from getting completely soaked. He continued to play, but soon, a drop of water hit the control, and Alex felt a small shock course through his body.

"Ow!"

It felt like something pinching his insides, and it didn't really hurt, it had just caught him off-guard.

"We're starting a new match!" he heard his brother's voice.

"All right!"

Boom.

A thunder clap aroused him, and he felt his adrenaline spike.

There's nothing to worry about: it's not like the antenna's gonna get hit b-.

His thoughts were cut short as a lightning bolt struck the house's T.V antenna!

The lightning was bright, and he shielded his eyes, and then felt a shock, then a pulling sensation.

Xbox Computer:

Activating fail safe: drawing strong electrical power:

Power source found: drawing source in. Stand by.

Alex felt the pulling sensation increase. He wanted to scream, but he could no longer move his body: his molecules split up and were pulled through the window, across the room, and into the Xbox.

The transition took 0.003 of a second, and the entire thing went unnoticed.

Source transfer complete.

* * *

><p><strong>AN: It may have been a little short,in some people's eyes, but it's a first, and I won't be letting anyone know about anything!**

    2. Locked Out

Ch. 2

Locked Out

Disclaimer: I don't own Star Wars.

Time unknown/Date unknown/

Location unknown

Alex opened his eyes.

Where the hell was he?

He glanced around him and saw a blue 'beam' in the wall, leading down a small, circular hole in the floor, and two holes on either side of it, which were square. He also saw something familiar: a circle with an X in the middle. He turned to look at it properly, but it moved when his head moved, and then he realised, that he was in Halo.

The circle with the X was his radar, obviously disabled, and he saw an ammo counter for a Battle rifle in the top-left corner of his helmet. He saw that his shields were disabled, and he looked at the Battle rifle in his hand.

A lot of people would have freaked out at that point in time, including his brother, but Alex was a different case.

"Sweet!"

He stood up, grinning as he held his rifle across his chest, then, also, as he shouldered it and aimed it at the wall, mimicking voices.

"Ahh! Save me!"

"_Bangbangbangbang!_"

"Don't worry!"

"He has a gun!"

"_Bangbangbangbang!_"

"Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"**SWAT!**"

He fell silent as the voice cut through his helmet's speakers, and someone appeared in front of him.

The person was a white Spartan, and he ran towards Alex, firing his gun in all different directions.

If a burst from the Spartan's Battle rifle hit Alex's head, he'd be dead.

Alex ducked, and a killing burst went over his head, then he kicked the legs out from underneath the Spartan. The other Spartan, Alex recognised him as Disturbed, fell and then hit the ground with a thud.

"I didn't know that you could kick people in Halo 2!" shouted Harry as his player got up, and then he moved him towards the blue player that was running away.

"Neither did I!" Andrew said in response, giving a head shot to Jonno.

Alex ran up the ramp, only then remembering the map's name: Lockout.

Bang!

A 3 shot burst from Disturbed's Battle rifle whizzed passed Alex's helmet, so he turned around and returned fire. One bullet from the first burst hit Disturbed's waist, and the second burst connected with the visor.

Disturbed dropped, dead, and Alex knew that he was probably arguing while he respawned. Alex turned around and came into a building with an exit on both sides. He turned right, going up another ramp, and finding himself on a small balcony. He picked up two plasma grenades from behind him, and then put them in separate pockets. He saw the centre square in front of him, and saw someone running over the top of the glass window in the middle. Alex raised the Battle rifle's scope to his visor, and peered through. He saw the person on the window run for the building across from him, and he pulled the trigger.

The Elite, most likely 1 ugly mofo, dropped as the 3 bullets entered the back of its head. Alex shifted his feet, and they knocked into something. He looked down and saw a sniper rifle lying on the ground.

"Oh, yes," he whispered.

He picked it up, slinging the Battle Rifle around his shoulder and onto his back.

Tink!

A small ball hit Alex's shoulder, and he flinched at the sight of it:

A fragmentation grenade.

His reflexes kicked in, and he caught the grenade before it landed, throwing it with his full strength, over to the building across from him. The grenade detonated halfway, and Alex ran through the explosion, knowing that the smoke had created a smokescreen, disabling any view of him from the direction that it was thrown. He ran inside the building, going left and heading up a ramp. At the top, someone was creeping up on another Spartan. Alex thought for a moment, then he punched the Elite in the back as hard as he could, which was very hard.

The spine of the Elite shattered, and it crumbled to the floor. He watched behind him for any more enemies, and then turned around to deal with the Spartan, who had turned around, seen the dead body, and fired at Alex.

Bang!

"Shit, that was an awesome shot!" exclaimed Jonno, watching Kiel's screen, seeing the dead body fall to the ground.

Alex gasped, and caught his breath.

He wasn't dead.

He had turned around, seen the Spartan, Kill Ferns, and fired his sniper rifle in an attempt to save his life.

It did.

The bullet smashed into Kill Ferns' visor, killing him instantly.

He ran down the ramp, unslinging his Battle rifle, and slinging his

sniper rifle. He turned the corner and ran out onto the square in the middle, pulling the trigger twice, putting down the Spartan in front of him. He fired at the Elite next to the gravity lift, but it managed to escape the line of fire, hiding in the corner. Alex ran into the building that he had come into, where he got his sniper from, and dropped down a hole, coming to the spot where the glass window is above his head. He turned left and began to run down when he saw the Elite in front of him. 1 ugly mofo fired the Battle rifle, and Alex threw himself to the floor. He hit the ground, aiming at 1 ugly mofo's head, and pulled the trigger.

Click!

"Fuck!"

Alex rolled to the left and bullets chipped up the ground next to him. He leapt up and pulled out his pistol from its holster.

1 ugly mofo punched him in the helmet, and the shot went wide. Alex fell down the hole behind him, hitting the ground and feeling pain. The room was green, and Alex's vision was red. 1 ugly mofo jumped down after him, aimed at Alex's head, and received a kick to the stomach. Alex rolled and got up, turned around to face 1 ugly mofo, and saw the firing end of a shotgun barrel.

Shink-shink.

Alex ducked, the shot went high, and then he grabbed onto the barrel of the shotgun, wrenched it away from the Elite's hand, and aimed at 1 ugly mofo's head.

Click!

"Goddamn it!"

He leaped to the right, and a burst tore through his left shoulder, when it was intended for his head. He roared in pain, spun the shotgun down and towards himself with his right finger, which was still in the trigger guard, caught the pump in his armpit, and then pulled the shotgun back then forward.

Shink-shink!

He spun it back up, put it right up against 1 ugly mofo's face, and pulled the trigger.

Boom!

The shotgun fired, and 1 ugly mofo's head _would_ have exploded, had they not been in a game. The shotgun kicked up from the recoil, and 1 ugly mofo went flying back, beating the enormous amount of blood to the wall.

Alex caught his breath, forgot the pain, ran up to the corpse while pumping the shotgun, fired again into the Elite's head, and screamed:

"HEAD SHOT!"

"_HEAD SHOT!_" The voice boomed through the T.V speakers.

"What the hell was that!" asked Harry.

Kiel shrugged.

"Hey," said Jonno.

"Where's Alex?"

They all looked outside to where he used to be standing.

"I don't know," said Andrew.

"But that bot is _good_."

Alex fired the sniper rifle at Kill Ferns, taking him down with a head shot, then turned around to be face-to-face with 1 ugly mofo, again.

Alex didn't fancy another toe-to-toe dance with the Elite, so he pulled out a frag grenade, hit the button on the top, and shoved it into the mouth of his brother's character. He leapt off the square platform, and down onto the ramp below, hearing the explosion of the grenade. He ran down the ramp and into the underground gravity lift area, putting down his sniper rifle and unslinging his Battle rifle. His shoulder still hurt from the shot, and he was extremely surprised to find a small spray bottle in one of his pouches. He had read the Halo novels, so he held it up to the three small bullet holes spread across his left shoulder, and sprayed. The foam went inside the wounds, and it felt like ants crawling through him. He realised that the foam was biofoam, and he looked in his other pouches. He found what he was looking for â€" bandages â€" and he put small ones on the bullet holes.

"Let's start a new game," said Andrew, pissed off because no one had killed the bot, but it had killed him twice.

"Yeah," agreed Kiel.

"Let's do Midship: I like that one."

"All right, but what with?"

They were silent for a moment, and then Jonno piped up.

"Shotguns and swords!"

Alex he held up his Battle rifle.

"Now," he said to himself.

"How do I reload this fucking thing?"

A/N: I hope you all liked this chapter, and they will keep coming, after the next chapter of The Front Lines 2's next chapter.

   3. Faced With More Problems

Faced With More Problems

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo 2.

Time unknown/ Date unknown/

Location unknown

Alex felt himself being pulled up the gravlift, and recalled on how
he had managed to reload his Battle rifle: his brother had played the
first level on one-player the weekend before, so he just copied what
the Master Chief did in the game. The first part was the hardest, as
he had no idea how to pull out the clip. He found a small button on
the side, and he pressed it while pulling on the clip, satisfied when
the clip came out in the palm of his hand and he threw it to the
ground. Then he fumbled inside his pouches for an extra clip, found
one, and put it in, receiving a _click_ as the latch that the button
opened snapped into place, holding the clip there. His feet hit the
ground, and he jumped the gap, landing on the middle square. He aimed
his Battle rifle to the left and fired, taking down a Spartan with a
shot to the head. He pulled out a frag grenade, hit the button on the
top, and dropped it behind him. The grenade went off a second later,
making a body fly past Alex's head as he ran up the ramp. He arrived
at the top and unslung his Sniper rifle, looking through the scope.
He saw an Elite punch a Spartan in the back, killing him, and he
decided to leave the Elite, letting him enjoy his glory. He looked at
the other Spartan that was in the area, and put him down with two
shots.

Bang!

A 3-shot burst from a Battle rifle flew past his visor, and he dived
to the left, behind one of the small walls, being narrowly missed by
another burst. He pulled out a plasma grenade and looked at it,
unsure of how to activate it. He found a small orange button, and he
pressed it. The plasma grenade lit up like a blue ball, which it was,
and he lobbed it over the wall. He got up from behind his cover and
saw the grenade hit the wall behind Disturbed, and land on the
ground, right next to 3 explosive canisters. Disturbed fired at Alex
again, but Alex moved behind the other wall, only sticking his head
up to watch the grenade explode. There was a flash of blue as the
grenade went off, leaving Disturbed just about dead, then the
canisters exploded. Alex stood up in time to see the next flash,
which was so bright that Alex lost sight of Disturbed for a second,
and then flew backward as Disturbed's body smashed into him.

Alex hit the ground and slid back, hitting the wall of the ramp. He
coughed and got up, feeling for his Sniper rifle, and saw it
teetering on the edge of the ramp. He jumped up and leapt towards it,
but it fell, spinning and tumbling into the abyss. He swore, and
looked for his Battle rifle, realising that it must have jabbed into
Disturbed and stayed there. And Disturbed's body had also gone over
the edge. He unslung his shotgun, which had, luckily, not come off
his shoulder. He ran down the ramp, and delivered a shot to the Kill
Ferns, killing him. He ran out onto the platform in the middle, where
there were a number of bodies. He found a small handle on the ground,
just big enough to fit into his hand. He picked it up and looked at
it, found a button, and pressed it. Twin blades sprang out from the
handle, glowing with light, and he recognised it as a Plasma
sword.

He didn't know where the Plasma sword was kept, or why it was in a
'Swat' match, but he deactivated it and put it in his belt, making
sure that it wouldn't fall out. He turned around and saw JF running
towards him with a different Plasma sword, so he received a Shotgun
blast to the face. Alex pumped the weapon and turned around in time
to kick the Elite sneaking up behind him in the balls.

"I've always wanted to do that," he said to himself, smiling. The
Elite fell to the floor, and Alex kicked it in the head, firing at
the Spartan behind the Elite. He left 1 ugly mofo on the floor, and
he turned around, seeing Kill Ferns running out of a building, firing
his Battle rifle in all directions. Alex ran over to him and wrenched
the Battle rifle out of the Spartan's hand, dropping the Shotgun, and
aimed the barrel at Kill Ferns' head, pulling the trigger. Blood
sprayed outwards as he heard the sound of a Battle rifle clicking as
someone respawned behind him. He sidestepped to the left, and a burst
went wide.

He stepped backwards, and was about to turn around, when a different
burst from the right tore through his Battle rifle, rendering it
useless. He tossed it away and grabbed the hands behind him that were
holding a Battle rifle, and put his hands on top of them. He aimed
towards the Spartan that had shot his Battle rifle, still leaving the
other person's hands clamped to the Battle rifle, and pulled the
trigger 3 times.

The Spartan on the right fell as the last burst cut through his
visor. Alex released his grip on the other Spartan's hands, grabbing
onto his upper arms, still not facing him. He pulled with all his
strength, flipping the Spartan over his shoulder, making him smash
onto the ground with surprising force. Alex kicked him in the head so
hard that the Spartan's neck broke, leaving Alex with one last enemy
on the platform to deal with. He turned around, picking up his
Shotgun, and leapt back as a blade sliced through the air that he had
just occupied.

The Elite had picked up another Plasma sword!

Alex prepared to fire his shotgun, but shouted in rage and fear as
the sword sliced through the gun. Alex ran backwards, running into
the building and up the ramp on the left. Halfway up, he tripped, and
felt the blade slice through his armour and part of his flesh. He
screamed in pain, but somehow managed to dodge a second swing, and
began running up the ramp again. He got to the top, and felt
something in one of his pouches.

His Plasma sword.

He pulled out the handle, and hit the button, igniting it. He turned
around, and saw the Elite lunge at him with the sword â€" a fatal
move. Alex only had time to swing the blade to the right, and it
saved his life. The two blades connected, sending off sparks of
light, and he was forced onto the ground. He quickly got back up in
time to parry another slice from 1 ugly mofo. Alex swung back at 1
ugly mofo, but he missed, and followed up with a kick that sent the
Elite flying. 1 ugly mofo got back up, jumped into the air and swung
his sword at Alex. Alex raised his own Plasma sword, somehow blocking
the attack, and was sent tumbling off the building from the
force.

He hit the ground and felt pain find its way through his body. He was now vunerable, on his back, and he looked up to see 1 ugly mofo jump down, ready to finish him off. He groaned as he stuck up his blade, feeling pain course through his arm, then felt a jolt, making his arm dislocate, and he lowered his sword. The body of 1 ugly mofo had been skewered on the sword. Alex managed to get into a sitting position, and applied some biofoam to his back, and then he painfully relocated his shoulder.

Boom!

A rocket zoomed past him, through the doorway, and hit the wall, sending debris flying in all different directions. He looked to where the rocket had come from, and saw a Spartan standing there with a rocket launcher. A second rocket streaked out of the tube, and headed straight for him. Alex couldn't get up and go straight away â€" he was too weak â€" so he did the next best thing.

He _threw_ his Plasma sword at the rocket, and they connected. The explosion was a mix of blue, orange and black, and was so big, there was a hugeblack mark on the middle square, and Alex knew the person playing as that Spartan would be staring in disbelief. Alex managed to get up and, weapon less, make his way back inside the building. He limped slowly, and he tripped, sprawling on the ground. He crawled over to the wall, and sat up against it.

He heard footsteps, and a Spartan ran into the room, saw Alex leaning up against the wall with no weapon, and walked up to him. Alex looked up at the Spartan, and he knew that there was no way he could get out of this one. The Spartan stood there with his Battle rifle aimed at Alex's head, obviously enjoying the fact that he was going to kill him. Alex squeezed his eyes shut, and the Spartan pulled the trigger.

Bang!

The 3 bullets flew out of the three separate barrels on the Battle rifle, speeding towards Alex's head. They were just about to enter Alex's visor when the Spartan, and the bullets, disappeared. Alex kept his eyes shut, and soon opened them. He looked around for anybody.

They were all gone.

He shouted in joy and triumph, and slowly got up, feeling his body start to heal. He limped over to the square in the middle, and looked around. He leapt across the gap and to the gravlift, and sat down again. He sighed and recalled on the past 30 minutes or so.

30 minutes! He didn't know why, but it felt like he had been here for 10 minutes!

_Maybe the time span is different inside the game_â€¦

He had been playing with his friends and Andrew, and then he received a small shock when a drop of water hit the 'waterproof' control. He then remembered that they were going to play another map, obviously Lockout, and then the antenna on the house was struck by lightning, which seemed pretty unlikely.

Then he woke up here.

He tried to think of how he had been sucked in, and then he
remembered the fail-safe for the Xbox: when the house's power was
shut, or cut, off, the Xbox and the T.V would keep running smoothly.
All it needed was a small electrical power source to draw
in.

Him!

He had received the shock, which was why he had been pulled in,
instead of something else. He looked up as a drone filled the air. He
saw a large, purple, bubble-like object fly into view. It had one
small swivelling thing on the bottom-front, and one on each side of
the bottom. He jumped up and waved to it, hoping that it was someone
that could help him, and then he quickly found that it was the wrong
decision. He realised that no one, or nothing, else should be here
â€" he was in multiplayer. He was about to hide himself when the ship
sped towards the station and opened fire with the things on the
bottom. They spat out purple plasma bulbs. He ducked behind the wall
as they impacted on the ground where he was standing and the wall
next to him.

They left black scorch marks that stood out on the blue surfaces. He
launched himself out from behind his cover and drew a plasma grenade,
tossing it at the purple ship, which had gotten lower, hovering above
the square in the middle. He ran out onto the square, seeing a blue
circle in the middle of the bottom. He hit the button on the grenade
and tossed it up into the circle. The grenade disappeared, followed
by inhuman shouting, and then the grenade exploded, rocking the
ship.

Another roar filled the air, and Alex looked at its source. A grey
drop ship appeared from the other side of the cliff, and it sped
towards them, a chaingun on the front of it, below the cockpit,
spinning as it fired thousands of rounds at the enemy drop ship. He
looked up at the purple drop ship, and saw it jolt as the amount of
rounds that hit it increased when another grey drop ship joined the
first. The first drop ship hovered above the purple one, and Alex ran
out of sight, and up to where he had first got the Sniper rifle. The
sounds of the engines were deafening, but Alex still heard something
inside his helmet.

"_Sir! Jump on!_"

He looked at the back of the grey drop ship, and saw that it had an
opening where there were 4 soldiers: one holding onto a turret that
was on the back, two sitting on seats holding Battle rifle's, and one
standing, holding onto a handle on the roof, and beckoning him
frantically. Alex stepped back and got a running start, jumping into
the drop ship. He felt it rise, and stood up, after narrowly missing
the standing soldier. The drop ship picked up speed and Alex sat
down.

"We got reports that there was more than one Spartan." The standing
soldier said to him.

Alex looked up at him, and then said:

"No: there's only me."

He panted, and then asked the soldier a question that he hoped the soldier would say no to.

"Are you a marine?"

The soldier looked at him and nodded.

"Part of the UNSC, what do you think, sir?"

Not only had his coming affected time, but the actual game itself: Alex had made the multiplayer become slightly linked with the campaign, and he had made everything realistic.

"Where are we going?" he asked the marine.

"We're dropping you off at the _Pious Inquisitor_."

"Why?"

"That's one of the fastest Covenant ship's in the fleet: you need to sabotage it."

"Why not any other ship?"

The Maine shrugged.

"Orders. The ship was the first to reach Earth, and Hood wants it down without a fight."

"Alright."

Although Alex didn't know it, the _Pious Inquisitor_ was the level he knew as Midship, and fighting it out on board was going to be the least of his problemsâ€¦

A/N: I was going to take this chapter all the way to when he gets on Midship, but it would've taken too long, and I also wanted to demonstrate the fact that time in the real world is about 1/3rd of what it is where Alex is.

    4. Midship

Midship

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo 2.

**Monday 17 October /2552 **

Military Calendar/ Aboard UNSC

Pelican Alpha 133/ 0857 (Ship's Time)

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Alex looked out the porthole next to him and at the black space

beyond.

He rested a Battle rifle on his lap, and he made sure that the clip was in properly. His pistol had fallen out of his holster back at Lockout, but he wasn't sure where, and his Sniper had been lost when Disturbed's body had plunged into it. He pulled the bolt back and let it go with a _clack_, placing it on the seat beside him. The Pelican had a small amount of weapons, and he had inspected them, finding a couple of grenades, some ammo for his Battle rifle, a shotgun, and an Energy sword, which he activated.

"Hey," one of the marine's said, backing away.

"Careful where you point that thing."

"Sorry."

Alex watched one of the marines load a rocket launcher and then place it on the ground.

"Where'd you find this?" he asked.

"Salvaged it," the rocket marine replied, shrugging.

Alex nodded, deactivated the sword, placed it in one of his pouches, and looked back out the porthole.

Thump!

The Pelican shuddered, and the pilot yelled back:

"We're coming in hot!"

The ship rocked and blue light began filling the compartment, then disappearing â€" plasma from Seraph fighters.

"Get us their alive!" the standing marine yelled back.

The Pelican rolled to the right, an almost impossible manoeuvre, but the pilot managed it, and more plasma streaked past.

"We need decoys!" the pilot yelled into the COM.

"Escort's, anything!"

"_Roger that_," a voice came through the COM, and Alex saw two Longsword fighters pull alongside the Pelican. They opened fire on the Seraph fighters in front of the Pelican, and a small ball of blue appeared in place of one of them.

"_Okay: one down!_" the pilot of one of the Longsword's yelled.

"_Let's get the other one!_"

They rolled to the right, above the Pelican, and engaged the other Seraph; their 300mm chaingun's spinning. The Seraph began to buckle, and parts came flying off. There was a secondary explosion from inside, and smoke began to billow out of a new hole, then the Seraph stopped accelerating, smashing into one of the Longsword's. The

scream of the pilot was heard over all the frequencies of every radio, and it exploded, flinging sharp and hot pieces of metal in all directions.

"We need a hole in their shields!" the pilot yelled into the FLEETCOM channel.

"_Roger that, Alpha 133_," a voice said from another channel.

"_This is Admiral Hood, prepare for shields down on Covenant carrier,_"

Alex looked back out the view port, and he saw a MAC round tear its way through space, and impact on the Covenant ship, which was out of view.

"_I can't hold them, off much longer!_" the pilot of the remaining Longsword yelled.

The Longsword rolled right, then left, and received a hit to the right wing, melting the thrusters and stabilisers on that side, causing it to tumble lifelessly until the Seraph's finished it off.

"Roger that, Admiral!" the pilot yelled.

"Shield is down!"

Then he yelled back to Alex and the marine's.

"Brace for impact!"

The Pelican flew towards the hangar that Cortana had opened from the _Cairo_, spinning wildly as it took hits from Seraph fighters. The shields came back on, barely missing the Pelican, causing the Seraph fighters to smash into it and explode. The Pelican flew through the hangar doors and hit the floor, killing the pilot, and skidding across the floor towards the wall, tearing off plates from the belly of it.

The Pelican smashed into the wall, crushing the cockpit completely, and sending two of the marine's flying forwards and hitting the wall, breaking their necks. The last marine stood, shaking and leant against the door, cursing to himself quietly.

He's going into shock, thought Alex.

The marine leant against the door at the tail.

"Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit,"

Boom!

The back door suddenly disappeared in an explosion, and the marine disintegrated, engulfed by the plasma that came from a grenade on the other side of the door. Debris flew inside the Pelican, and an Elite, followed by 2 Grunts, came through the hole.

The Elite aimed its Plasma rifle at Alex, and it shouted an

indecipherable 'war cry'.

"Son of a-"

The Elite fired the Plasma rifle and Alex dived to the left, slamming
into the wall. The Grunt's fired their Plasma pistols, and they
splashed across Alex's shields, which were no longer disabled. Alex
raised his Battle rifle and fired a single burst, which tore through
one of the Grunt's head's, and then he turned to the second Grunt,
which had its Plasma pistol overcharged, giving it a sickly green
colour. He ran up to it, aware of the fact that his shields were
almost completely drained because of the Elite, grabbed its hands,
twisted them to face the Elite, breaking them, and pulled the Grunt's
finger off the 'trigger'. The green ball of plasma hit the Elite,
taking out its shields instantly, and Alex charged into it, knocking
it out the back of the Pelican. The Elite lost its balance, recovered
it, and turned to face Alex again, only to receive a 3-shot burst
into its mouth for its troubles. Blood flew out of the Elite's head,
landing on the floor and wall. The Elite's limp body fell to the
ground without a sound as Alex turned around to deal with the last
Grunt, who stood completely still, quivering and whimpering, with its
hands bent at awkward angles. Alex walked up to it, grabbed its head
in his right hand, and squeezed. The Grunt started to squeal in pain,
and then its head exploded in a shower of blue blood. The body of the
Grunt dropped, and Alex walked over to the nearest door, stepping
over the body of the Elite and the pool of blood next to it, and away
from the flaming Pelican.

He approached a door, which parted as he drew near it, and he walked
inside, being covered by the eerie purple glow of the hallway. He
continued down the corridor, only pausing to take down a Grunt and
strip it of its grenades.

What the hell am I supposed to sabotage it with? He thought to
himself.

He ran around a corner, coming to another door â€" this one was
locked. He stood next to it, thinking of a way to open it, when it
did so by itself. He slowly walked in, weapon at the ready, when the
door slid shut behind him. He jumped and turned around, expecting to
see an Elite or a Grunt that had shut the door, but instead saw
nothing.

"**Slayer!**"

The same voice that had called out 'Swat' when he was on Lockout
boomed out the word, and Alex knew that there was no way he would
come out of this with his life.

If he didn't try, of course.

Over the other side of the chamber he saw an Elite running across the
open ground, and he fired his Battle rifle. The burst pinged off the
Elite's shields, and then it turned to face him, igniting an Energy
sword.

"Shit!"

Alex fired repetitively at 1 ugly mofo, and the shields began to
drain. The Elite got to Alex and swung the blade, but Alex ducked,

leaving the blade to slice nothing but the air above his head. Alex kicked it in the stomach, and saw 1 ugly mofo's shields crackle… then fail.

He punched it with the butt of his Battle rifle, and 1 ugly mofo dropped to the floor, dead, with purple blood slowly oozing out of its mouth. Alex looked to the right, saw a small doorway, and made a beeline for it. He came inside it, and spied a purple gravlift in the corner, which had a person streaming up it and onto the next level. He followed the Spartan, flying up the gravlift with speed, and coming a few meters above the floor on the second level. He landed on the ground and spun, facing the Spartan, who had a shotgun pointed at his face.

The Spartan pulled back on the pump, making that sound that Alex had come to dislike in the past hour, and pulled the trigger as fast as he could.

Alex was quicker.

The spray went high above his head, pinging off the shielded glass behind them. Alex spun on the ground, kicking the feet of the Spartan. The Spartan fell to the floor as well, and Alex kicked him again, when he received a punch from the butt of a shotgun. Alex's shields flared, and lowered, as he punched the Spartan in the visor. The other Spartan's shields flared as well, and they exchanged blows, attempting to get up. Both of their shields lost strength, and an alarm blared inside Alex's helmet.

He rolled away and onto his feet, turning around with his Battle rifle pressed firmly against his shoulder. The other Spartan had also gotten, up, and moved towards him, firing the shotgun wildly. Alex fired, but missed, due to the fact that he was shaking with fear, and the Spartan got to him, punching him with the butt of the shotgun.

Alex, now on the small balcony that overlooked the middle of the map, was forced back the last few steps by the force of the punch, and was sent flying towards the ground on the ground level, only a few meters away from the second level. To Alex, it all seemed to go in slow motion, and he pulled the trigger in one last attempt to get the other Spartan in the head.

But it wasn't to be.

The burst was spread across the Spartan's body — the first bullet slicing open the side of the neck guard, and across the Spartan's actual _neck_, drawing blood. The second bullet went through the breastplate and out at the back of his right shoulder. The third — and last — bullet punctured his left thigh, and lodged itself in there, refusing to come out the other side.

Alex flailed his arms and legs, falling backward, finally landing on the purple ground, bouncing once, and coming to a halt. He coughed out blood, and then moaned, looking up at the figure that had jumped off after him.

Crack!

The Spartan landed hard on Alex's stomach, making him shout in pain

as one of his ribs snapped, and then felt dizzy. The Spartan stood on top of him and, with no mercy â€" obviously learning from his previous mistake of waiting on Lockout â€" aimed at Alex's head and pulled the trigger.

Boom!

The blast from the shotgun echoed in the room, and the Spartan dropped.

Wha-?

The Spartan's body crumbled into a heap on top of Alex, and Alex saw another Spartan step in place of it, staring down the barrel of _his_ shotgun, aimed at Alex.

Please don't see meâ€¦

As if his prayers were answered, after a few more seconds of staring, the Spartan ran off. Alex exhaled loudly, and slowly got up, taking care because of his newly cracked rib. He limped over to a ramp to his left, which led up to the 'in-between' area of level 2 and 3, where there were 3 exits.

One: One led to the left, where there was a room similar to the first one that he was in.

Two: Two led up a ramp and to the right, where he had been earlier.

And three: Three led up a ramp going up to the left, which went up to level 3, where there was a room on either side of the middle, attached to the wall and roof, and had a circular floating bridge that stretched across the middle.

He ran up the ramp going to the left, and into a room, where he saw two Spartan's fighting it out. Since his shields were recharged, Alex limped straight in, as fast as he could, blasting them to hell with his now unslung shotgun. He turned around to face a new comer: 1 ugly mofo, who was wielding an Energy sword. Alex couldn't run, so he raised his shotgun and fired. Most of it missed, and the few that hit bounced off the Elite's shields. Alex fired again, after pumping it, and again. The Elite charged up to him, and swung the blade.

Alex only managed a small step backwards, which was enough to save his life. His shotgun fell to the floor, now in two pieces, and he looked up to see 1 ugly mofo point his sword at Alex's chest, and thrust it forwards. Alex didn't know what to do, but he knew that he wouldn't die straight away â€" his shields would withstand long enough for him to get a new weapon.

Bang!

"Shit!"

Alex's shields dropped, and he turned his head behind him to see a white Spartan pumping a recently fired shotgun. Alex turned his head back around just in time to meet the oncoming blade, with no shields. There was no way he knew how to stop it.

So he stuck his arm out straight, in line with the middle of the
sword.

The sword's twin blades sliced up the outside of Alex's right arm,
and Alex's arm passed _between_ them, his palm held open. He roared
in pain as the sword sliced into his skin, and his hand hit metal, so
he grabbed it.

The metal was the handle of the blade.

Alex clamped his hand down on 1 ugly mofo's, breaking his wrist with
a loud _crack!_ 1 ugly mofo angled the blade, and it sliced deeper
into Alex's arm. Alex roared again, and gritted his teeth with the
pain, and kicked 1 ugly mofo, whilst letting go of the handle. 1 ugly
mofo went flying back, and he hit the wall, not moving. Alex managed
to unsling his Battle rifle with his good arm, but then dropped it to
clutch his bad arm. He could feel a tear or two make there way to the
corners of his eyes, and he leaned against the wall, looking out over
the map. He turned around, after finding a place to hide, and went to
pick up his Battle rifle for the trip, when he was punched, square in
the face. He stumbled back a bit, and then stepped forwards again to
get his attacker, who had picked up his Battle rifle, and was punched
again. Alex's shields died, and he stumbled back again. He stepped
forwards one last time, and a burst from the Battle rifle entered his
chest. Alex stopped, put his left hand onto his chest, and brought it
back, looking at the blood that came away. He looked back up at the
Spartan, shaking, and jolted as another burst entered his body.

His eyes twitched, tears filled his eyes, and his hands quivered,
before he dropped to the floor. The Spartan walked up to him,
crouched down, and punched him once, twice, and a third time, and
Alex fell down onto the ground floor, into a crate of Plasma
grenades. He looked up one last time, at the roof, and coughed,
splattering blood on his visor, then he shut his eyes, and the breath
left his body.

At 0911 hours, Naval Standard Time, on Monday the 17 of October,
2552, Alexander William Silverman,
died.

**A/N: It may sound pretty gay, but I felt pretty sad when I wrote
that last part, and I know that thousands of you _wouldn't_ agree
with me. I'm sorry that this took so long, but I've had assignments
and stuff due all this week, but don't stop reading, because this
fanfic isn't over yet.**

    5. Sucked Into The Campaign: Part 1

Forced Into The Campaign

Part I

Abigdon: Thanks for the reviews so far, and I, yes, Alex did
die.

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo.

0916/17 October (Military Calendar)/

Covenant ship _Pious Inquisitor_

The Elite ran out of the room, yelling to his comrades:

"Get out! It's going to blow!"

His brethren ran out of the generator room as well, accompanied by
plasma fire from a commandeered Plasma rifle. There was a deafening
explosion, followed by numerous roars from his brothers that were
still inside the generator room. The Elite doubled back, dodged a
plasma burst, got to the door controls, and jammed the door. He
sighed with relief, and then keyed his communications transmitter:
the ship Commander would need to know about this breach. He spoke
into it, getting straight to the point, and the Commander spoke back.
The Elite nodded to himself, and turned to get to the bridge when an
explosion sent him flying across the hall. He thudded into the wall,
felt his backbone snap, and felt enormous pain. He saw his won blood
from his position against the wall, and knew that his shields
wouldn't recharge. He couldn't move his body, but he could move his
eyes, so he looked up.

What he saw chilled him to the bone, and he wanted to strike down the
human with his Plasm rifle, which was still in his hand, but he
couldn't, and as the human raised the Plasma rifle in its hand, he
said something, something which the Elite's armour translated
straight away:

"_Eat shit you motherfucker._"

The last thing the Elite saw was a yellow visor, and a second
'demon', this one with blue armour, and red blotches.

And this one was
pissed.

Alex Silverman's heart began beating again at 0915 hours, on the 17
of October.

He opened his eyes, and immediately felt pain in his ribs, his neck,
his chest and his back. There were 6 bullet holes in his chest, and
there were Elite's kicking the shit out of him. Although he didn't
know it, those Elite's had saved his life.

When he had been shot by the other Spartan, he had fallen into a
crate of Plasma grenades, and the radiation had spiked his heart rate
just before it stopped beating. Some Elite's had found him 2 minutes
later, taken him to the generator room, thrown him into the
un-protected area, where the plasma radiation was strongest, brought
him back out and started kicking him. Their kicks acted as
defibulators and, due to the amount of radiation, kick-started his
heart. Due to the amount of radiation he had received, he had
practically died a second time, which was why he came back

Back from the dead.

He lashed out with his arm, grabbing one of the Elite's feet, and twisted it all the way around. The Elite roared, and Alex kicked a second in the chest, still holding onto the broken ankle of the first Elite. He swung the first Elite at the third as the second was thrown back by the kick, and the 2 Elite's were sent flying. He jumped up, ignoring the pain, spun around and saw 4 identical crates of plasma grenades, just waiting to-

The door behind him spun open, and 2 Elite patrols walked in, then stopped and looked somewhat surprised that he was inside their ship.

Alex's foot moved like lightning, flicking up one of the fallen Plasma rifles, and he fired at one of the Elite's. The Elite roared as its shields whittled down, then died, and the plasma scarred its body. As the first Elite fell, the second managed to grasp hold of the situation, and it returned fire at Alex, who blasted the Elite to hell. An alarm began to blare, and Alex had no doubt that they were watching him on the cameras that were placed around the room. 2 separate doors opened, and a squad of Elite's came swarming in, firing their Plasma rifles at him. Alex bolted behind the 3 crates of grenades, and pulled 2 of his own from his belt. He stuck his hand up and rested one on top of the middle crate, then ignited the other and lobbed it at the Elite's. There was an explosion, and he leapt out from behind the crate, firing at the remaining Elite's. 2 of them managed to get through a door, and they jammed it shut. He grinned, saw that there were no more enemies, yet, grabbed one of the plasma grenade crates and put it next to the door. He turned around and fired at the Plasma grenade that he had left on top of one of the other ones, and missed. He fired again, closer this time. He fired one last burst and the grenade exploded.

Needless to say, the result was catastrophic.

The grenade exploded, followed closely by the hundreds of grenades that it was sitting on. Alex dove away from the door when the second crate was thrown with tremendous force at the door, and the grenades inside it exploded, followed by the third crate. Loose parts of the floor walls and ceiling came away from the surfaces, and the door was blown away from the wall. The generator beam in the middle of the room was shielded, and that was taken down by the first crate, leaving nothing but secondary plasma explosions, smoke, and holes in the floor and roof that stretched a number of levels. The glass that shielded the observation room above the carnage shattered, and the room was obliterated. Alex was inside a tiny service hatch in the ground, and he watched as a giant cloud of plasma shot above and hit the wall, almost causing a breach in the hull.

The ship lurched â€" time to get out of here.

He got up and out of the hatch, almost falling down the 100ft drop to one of the lower levels, and marched towards the large hole in the wall â€" the doorway, whilst surveying the wreckage around him. There was nothing in the room that was unscarred, and secondary explosions still occurred in various places around the room. He walked through the doorway, to see an Elite lying against the wall. Alex was about to walk past when he saw the Elite was blinking, one of his fingers was twitching â€" only slightly â€" and he was wearing white armour, the armour of a Special Ops. Elite, the same Elite that was kicking

him when he awoke.

He stopped above the Elite, seeing the Plasma rifle next to it;
seeing its shields flickering and he knew that they were dead, unable
to repair themselves or recharge. He took aim at the Elite's head,
and said 4 words:

"Eat shit you motherfucker!"

He fired a single bolt of plasma, and it hit the Elite in the head,
killing it instantly. Alex picked up its Plasma rifle, checked the
battery on his HUD, and then continued on, walking steadily down the
series of hallways as if the ship wasn't collapsing around his
ears.

Friday/17 November/ 2006

Military Calendar/Brisbane/

QLD/Austrilia/1701

Andrew, Jonno, Harry and Kiel had all gone into the kitchen to have a
break, when Andrew's mum walked through the door.

"I'm home!" she called, then said hello to all of Alex's
friends.

"Now," she said laughing.

"Where's the guest of honour? I have his letter saying that you can
all go to that party at the office, but I won't be able to
come."

"Alright, mum." Andrew said, and they went back into the lounge
room.

"Let's play campaign," Jonno suggested. "And we can switch every 15
minutes."

"Yeah!"

Alex arrived in the hangar, firing both of his Plasma rifles at an
Elite â€" showing no mercy â€" killing him. He turned and saw himself
on the bottom floor of a 4-level hangar, and saw _a lot_ of Seraph
fighters, and jumped on board, only to be stopped by 3 Elite's, one
holding an Energy sword. They roared, and charged at him without
hesitation.

Alex was ready for them.

He ducked a blow from the Energy sword Elite, following through by
kneeing the second in the stomach, causing it to reel back, clutching
its chest and stomach. The third brought up its Plasma rifle and
fired, but the blasts splashed harmlessly across Alex's shields. He

saw a faint flicker from the corner of his eye, and he ducked, hearing the roar from the Elite standing in front of him. He looked up, and only saw the bottom half of the third Elite, and he spun around to deliver an astonishing amount of Plasma fire to the Energy sword Elite, whose skin and armour crumbled and melted against the enormous heat. He turned to get the last Elite, only to find it holding an Energy sword as well.

The blade hissed to his right as he spun out of the Elite's reach, the he fired at it with his Plasma rifles. The Elite flinched â€" if only slightly â€" but kept on coming, becoming more and more enraged with each step. The Plasma rifles hissed, and Alex immediately dropped them, cradling his hands, letting the heat of plasma burn away and become cool. The Elite swung, and Alex leaned right back, the blade stretching across the length of his body, and he felt the searing heat of it. The Elite saw him move, and swung the blade down, but Alex was literally one step ahead of him, moving towards the cockpit. He jumped into the extremely uncomfortable pilot's seat, looking at the controls and hitting random buttons, hoping that the Seraph would start, and it did.

As it slowly rose into the air, he reflexively ducked as the hairs on the back of his neck stood up, and the Energy sword sliced through the controls, causing the ship to lurch.

"This is my ship now," Alex said through gritted teeth.

"You Covenant son of a bitch!"

He picked up the Elite and _threw_ it into the wall, then picked it up but its throat and slammed it against the wall. He punched it repetitively in the face, and purple blood sprayed everywhere. The Elite managed to land a punch on the side of Alex's face, and Alex spun around, but followed through, using the momentum of the spin, open-palming the Elite's face violently into the wall. The Elite shuddered and fell to the deck, accompanying the large pool of blood.

Alex walked back to the front, and saw all of the confusing controls in front of him. He saw two 'joysticks' on the control board â€" one for speed and one for direction â€" so he used them to clumsily pilot the Seraph out of the hangar. He made it into space without meeting any resistance, but was soon disappointed when he saw a squad of Seraph fighters, maybe a hundred meters away, and closing. He looked out the back of the Seraph, seeing the weapons that were there. A few Needlers, some Plasma rifles, and a Fuel Rod cannon. He whistled and approached it, when he was thrown off his feet and into the wall.

Boom!

The Seraph lurched forwards, and he knew what was happening:

The Covenant ship was exploding.

He ran back to the seat, but used the controls standing up, as the seats were designed for Elite's. The ship shuddered, and then sped off towards the human fleet, which was busy engaging 3 Covenant cruisers. The ship was still shuddering, and he saw a few blue flames creep to the corners of the cockpit window. Soon the flames reached

the middle, and he knew he had no choice.

He set a Plasma torpedo to aim for a specific target, and then sent it away. He flew out into space, and he lost sight of it because the flames of the Plasma had engulfed the entire window.

He only had a few more seconds to live.

Smash!

Glass exploded inwards, the Plasma torpedo shot _right past Alex face_!

It shot towards the back in less than half a second, but Alex had already jumped.

Add the velocity of the Seraph fighter â€" about 200m per/second â€" with the velocity of the plasma flames, then you get how fast the Seraph was travelling. Add that to the explosion of the Plasma torpedo, which could have melted a Halcyon-class cruiser instantly, and you'll get how fast Alex was travelling when he shot _out_ of the cockpit, and into space:

592.3 meters per/second.

Alex shot out of the Seraph fighter at that speed, and he angled his head backwards to see an explosion within an explosion â€" the Seraph fighter exploding. He now saw the full length of the _wall_ of plasma rushing towards him, and saw that he was overtaking it, and that it was lessening. He looked back forwards, and he saw the hull of a ship approaching, and sighed â€" he was going to land safely.

Then he tensed, and a knot formed in his stomach.

He was going to hit it alright â€" _at 592.3 meters per/second!_

He quickly did the math in his head as the ship drew closer, and he swore at the answer that he got, which was most likely wrong.

He was going to hit the ship at more than half of a kilometer/per second.

A/N: Another cliffhangaaaaar! Please read and review, as this story is turning out to be the best, well, this and TFL 2.

   6. Sucked Into The Campaign: Part 2

The Key That Unlocked The Door

(Sucked Into The Campaign: Part II)

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo 2.

* * *

><strong>0929 EST (Suit's time)**

17 October (Military calendar)/

Milky Way system/ Earth space/

Status: Fucked

The ship angled slightly, which was just enough to save Alex's life.

Alex was recorded on one of the camera's at the back, and, when the tape was later viewed by a technician, was so fast that he wasn't even visible. Alex smashed into the hull at an angle of 70 degrees, and went _right through it!_ He smashed through the 2 meters of Titanium class 'A' armour plating as if it were paper, then hit the top deck, crashing through it as well. He shouted in pain as his shields cut out immediately, and he was going so fast he literally couldn't see anything. He smashed through 46 more floors in less than a second, before he finally bounced off one of the floors, leaving a massive dint 3 meters in diameter. He shot up 5 meters and hit the roof, coming back down and hitting the floor again, crashing through doors and walls, finally coming to a stop at the other end of the ship.

He couldn't move; couldn't see; couldn't breathe; couldn't hear; couldn't feel. Was he dead?

Then, without warning, pain shot through every square millimeter of his body, and he screamed, which only brought on a hell of a lot more. His body refused to fall unconscious, as it would take a lot of effort, which forced him to deal with all the pain awake. When he finally recovered his vision, it hurt when he blinked, and all he saw was red, which was a mix of the blood rushing to his head, the blood over his eyes, and the blood that covered his entire visor. He didn't move, and soon, he heard someone yell out something like:

"Oh my _fucking god!_"

He felt someone pick him up, and it hurt. A lot. He was carried to a medical room, where he heard someone call for the Commander on board the ship. He felt his armour being taken off, which hurt as well, although they did it very slowly. When it was all off about 20 minutes later, he saw a dark outline of red lean close to his face, and he felt pain across his face as the blood was wiped from his eyes.

"Hello? Can you hear me?"

Alex realized that he wasn't moving at all, and he slowly, and painfully, gave a slight nod.

"Can you speak?"

A small shake of the head.

"Okayâ€¦ just wait here then," The outline quickly disappeared from view, and then there was silence.

Alex breathed very, _very_ slowly, and when his chest rose and fell with each breath, it hurt. Hell, even _thinking_ hurt. He felt a

slight acceleration in the ship, and saw the outline come back, and
then the painful procedure of wiping his eyes continued.

"So, who are you?"

Alex would have glared at the man, but he could hardly see him, his
entire body would hurt, and glaring would hurt.

"Well, you've done a fare bit here, mate." The man continued, and
Alex could almost see him, when a fresh wave of blood came from his
eyes and head.

"You've done something to basically every bone in your body! And,
wellâ€¦" the voice trailed off, and Alex felt his arm painfully being
moved to his stomach. When his hand touched something metal, that
wasn't part of his armour, he stopped.

"There's a Plasma rifle embedded in your stomach."

* * *

>Commander Miranda Keyes and Spartan-117 watched the painful
procedure from the doorway: the doctor injected the other Spartan
with something, and a few seconds later, placed his hands on the
Plasma rifle's handle, which was basically the only thing that wasn't
inside the naked Spartan's stomach. Well, naked isn't really the
word, as most of the crippled Spartan's body was covered in his own
blood.<p><p>

"How did this happen?" asked the Master Chief.

Keyes shrugged.

"Apparently, Hood sent him to the _Pious Inquisitor_ to sabotage it.
We got word that he did, in the nick of time, as it was about to gut
us. And, as you can see, he made it back. In one piece."

"Only just." muttered the Master Chief.

"One," the doctor said to himself.

"Two, three."

He squeezed his eyes shut, and then pulled.

The scream would have been able to have been heard for kilometers,
and the doctor stumbled back, horrified by the scream, and the
sickening **_RIPSQUESH!_** That had taken place less than a second
before it. Bits of bloody, loose flesh hung limply from the main
wound, and the Plasma rifle, so the doctor quickly dropped
it.

Doctors and other people came rushing in at the scream, and took in
the situation instantly, after gaping at the wounds. All of them got
to work on healing the wounds and injuries, and soon, there was as
much biofoam as Alex.

Both of his legs were bent at sick angles, one of his arms had bent
around his entire back, and then looped around to his chest. His
other arm had been bent backwards at the elbow, and many of his ribs

had been severed.

The damage was astonishing.

* * *

>"What's the damage to the punctured decks?" Miranda Keyes asked on the bridge of <em>In Amber Clad<em>.

"We've sealed them, Ma'am!" one officer said.

"They ain't causing anyone any harm no more!"

3 hours earlier, the new Spartan had crashed through the hull of the ship, coming to a stop about 50 levels lower. His injuries were horrifying, and he would have a set of scars now, but he had miraculously survived. He was now fully recovered, and he was in the Pelican bay, inside one of the 3 Pelican's that were going to the surface in the first wave.

"Johnson?" she asked into her bridge communicator.

"_Ma'am_?"

"How are our Spartan's?"

"_They're fine, Ma'am, and we're ready to kick some serious Covenant ass!_"

"Then get ready â€" you're going down now."

* * *

>Andrew and the others plugged in Alex's cordless control again, into the <strong>Player 1<strong> slot, and started up the campaign. Andrew grasped the control very tightly, watching as the mode select came on, and was confused when he could only pick **Legendary** mode.

"Just pick it," said Jonno.

"We'll all get more turns,"

"Alright,"

He selected it, and the cut-scene appeared, showing 3 Pelican's flying down towards Earth.

Zap!

"Ow!"

"What?"

"The controller zapped me!"

Suddenly, all the power in the house came back on, lighting it up.

Xbox computer:

Power on; electrical source no longer needed.

Error: Found secondary electrical source, attempting to connect both.

Success: Drawing out main electrical source in 50 minutes.

* * *

><p><p>

1232 EST (Suit's time)/

17 October (Military Calendar)/

Milky Way system/ Earth/

Old Mombassa/

Status: Ready to kick some

serious Covenant ass.

Alex looked at the Master Chief, standing emotionlessly looking out the back of the Pelican.

"_The message just repeats,_" said the AI Cortana, who was inside the Chief's helmet, and neurally linked to his brain.

"_Regret. Regret. Regret._"

""_Catchy,_" replied Miranda Keyes from her position on board _In Amber Clad_.

"_Any idea what it means_?"

"Dear Humanity," Sergeant Johnson said.

"We regret being alien bastards; we regret coming to Earth, and we most definitely regret that the corps. just blew up our raggedy-ass fleet!"

"Hoo-rah!" the pilots shouted in unison, and Alex managed to snuffle a laugh.

"_Regret is a name, Sergeant_," said Cortana, not affected by his comment.

"_A name of a Covenant religious leader â€" a Prophet â€" he's on that carrier and he's calling for help!_"

Alex reviewed their mission on his HUD, something which surprised him, because he didn't know how to bring things up on his HUD. They were supposed to board a Covenant carrier and capture this Prophet, without killing him.

Alex closed the orders and pulled the bolt back on his Battle rifle; then let it go with a _clack!_ Marines around him did the same, putting on their helmets, loading their weapons, and then the pilot

let them all know that they only had 30 seconds to the LZ, and then they would have to travel the rest of the way in Warthog's.

"_Whoa_..."

The pilot trailed off, and Alex's adrenaline immediately spiked.

Something was wrong. _Already_.

He stood up quickly and looked through the cockpit window.

"Son of a bitch," he breathed.

In front of the 3 Pelican's was a large machine that resembled a spider and the front of it opened up to reveal a large charging beam, kind of like the charge from a Hunter's Fuel rod gun. This was a Scarab, according to Cortana. A large green beam fired from the front, and it smashed into the middle Pelican.

There was an explosion, glass shattered, and the soldiers that weren't already dead were screaming as the Pelican went down. Alex grabbed onto the Master Chief and hauled him into a seat, but there was no time to fasten him in. The pilot pulled the Pelican into a hard left to stop them from crashing into the Scarab, and the Pelican turned over, receiving hits from a purple turret. The Pelican's roof scraped along the roof of a building, sparks flying, and skidded. The roof supports gave way, and the Pelican fell into the building.

Alex unfastened his seatbelt straight away, falling onto his head as he did, and then helped the marines out of their seats. The Master Chief was lying on the ground a few feet away from the Pelican, and slowly stood up, shaking his head and picking up his Battle rifle.

"Sir," Alex said to him, and the Chief turned to look at him.

"We should keep moving â€" the Covenant will be all over us any second.

The Master Chief nodded, and Johnson jumped up on top of the Pelican.

"Clear the crash site!" he yelled, and the group of marines ran to the door in the corner. Alex stepped inside after the Chief, and watched as he shot a Grunt in the head.

"We should try to punch when necessary," Alex said to him.

"Sick!" Andrew said.

* * *

>"The bot is in the campaign as well!"<p><p>

"And he giving us directions," Jonno added. "We should try to do what they say,"

"Fuck that!"

* * *

>Alex stood at the doorway leading out into a courtyard, and he
motioned for one of the marine's to do the same on the other side.
Alex got the marine's attention, then pointed at himself; nodded at
the doorway; pointed at the marine, and nodded at the doorway. The
marine nodded, understanding.<p><p>

Alex took a deep breath, and then charged out into the courtyard with
his Battle rifle pressed firmly against his shoulder. He fired 3
bursts, and 3 Grunt's fell to the ground in a pool of their own
blood. To his right, underneath the balcony of the small building
that occupied the corner, there were 2 Jackals, turning around to
look at him. Alex quickly took aim and fired, the 3 bullets smashing
into the first Jackal's head. The Jackal's head snapped backwards,
and its hand-held shield disappeared, then the second Jackal raised
its shield to deflect Alex's second burst. The bullets pinged away
and hit the ground, and he yelled into the team COM channel for the
marines to get up behind it. A plasma charge hit Alex's shields, and
the alarm blared as they disappeared, and he ducked behind one of the
various plants in the courtyard. A sniper shot boomed, and Alex heard
the Jackal hit the ground. He got back up and ran into the building's
interior, aiming at the floor above him while advancing up a set of
steps. Suddenly, before he got to the top, an Elite appeared, roaring
and charging at him.

Alex fired twice before the Elite reached him, and then the Elite
swung the butt of its Plasma rifle down on Alex's head. Alex moved
away just in time, ducking under the blow and standing up behind the
Elite, holding his Battle rifle in his left hand. Watching the Elite,
he pulled the trigger twice, and both missed the Elite, entering,
intentionally, the Grunt's to his left, killing them. His foot
thundered into the Elite's back, and a massive _Crack_ was heard as
its spine snapped, and it fell down the steps. Alex turned to his
left and saw an exit, going for it. He came out on the balcony just
as a Phantom thundered overhead, zooming in between tall
buildings.

"_Yeah! We got 'em!_" His _brother's_ voice came through his helmet's
speakers, and Alex realized that the sound must have been transmitted
through the TVs speakers.

"I need you to get on the turret, sir!" he said approaching the
Master Chief.

The Master Chief didn't get on the turret, and Alex was pretty
pissed.

"Marines!" he yelled over the COM.

"Take up defensive positions!"

"_Yes, sir!_"

He approached the corner of the balcony where the portable turret
was, and the Master Chief stood beside him. He was looking over the
courtyard, when a large green beam hit the Master Chief in the
chest.

"Shit!" a group of Covenant troops came out of the same door that they had, and 3 Jackals accompanied 2 Grunt's and an Elite.

Alex raised his Battle rifle once more and fired, but it was no use, as the Jackals already had their shields up and firing at the two Spartan's. They were surprisingly accurate, and plasma bombarded Alex's shields. One of the plasma bursts from the Elite hit the Master Chief in the arm.

And that's when everything was taken to a whole new level.

* * *

>Andrew moved left and right, in real life, as one does, while he was shooting at the Elite. The Elite returned fire at Andrew, who no longer had any shields on the game, and 3 plasma bolts hit his character's right arm.<p><p>

"ARGH!"

Tears immediately came to his eyes, and he dropped to the control, rolling on the floor wildly while clutching his right arm.

"Holy shit!" Jonno exclaimed.

"Are you alright?" Kiel and Harry asked at the same time.

Andrew wasn't paying attention.

"_Oh God it hurts! IT FUCKING HURTS! Make it STOP! OHHH FU-HUH-HUCK!_"

They inspected his arm as he screamed and rolled on the floor, and what they saw horrified them.

"Andrew â€" there's nothing there!"

Xbox computer:

Link established. Link source:

Human emotion:

Pain.

* * *

><p><p>

A/N: Sorry this tok so long, but I was sick in the last week of school, so I didn't feel up to writing this, but now I'm better, so, yeah. Please R&R.

    7. The Stakes Are Raised

The Stakes Are Raised

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo, or any of its characters.

* * *

><strong>1237 (Suits time)**

17 October (Military Calendar)/

Milky Way System/Earth/

Old Mombassa/

Status: Freaked.

His brother's scream came through Alex's helmet speakers, and he
flinched, realising that the plasma had actually been transferred
through the game, to the control, and into the person holding the
control. He didn't know what time it was in the real world, but he
knew that his mum wasn't home, as she said she would be going out to
help with the decorations for the party that would take place the
next day in her work office â€" the whole floor would be holding one
huge party!

But he didn't care about the party at that moment; he stepped in
front of his brother in time to take a few plasma bolts that would
have killed his brother. He looked at his shields, and saw that they
were already halfway down! The idiot must have put the mode on
Legendary. Alex returned fire with his Battle rifle, taking down the
Grunts, and then stepped out from in front of the Master Chief to
take out the Jackal's, only to see a sickly green blob flying towards
the Chief.

"Get down!" Alex yelled at him, but the Chief stayed still, so he
quickly slung his Battle rifle and ran to the Chief, slamming into
him with incredible force, and they both tumbled down one of the
holes through the floor. They hit the ground, and the Master Chief
stood up, and then started moving again, which caused Alex to breathe
a sigh of relief, then fired at the Jackal's.

* * *

>While Kiel and Harry took Andrew to the bathroom to put cold water
â€" and maybe a bandage â€" on his arm, Jonno reluctantly picked up
the controller, and he fired at the Elite that was running for him.
The shields on the Elite dropped, and it swung its fist at him. The
bot jumped to the side of the Elite, whilst pushing Jonno out of the
way, and grabbed the Elite's arm, letting it swing through the spot
where Jonno was, and then he kept on pushing it up. The arm had now
gone a full 360 degrees, and there was a massive <em>crack<em> as its
arm broke, and one of the bones now jutted out of its armour. It
roared, and the bot raised its Battle rifle so the nozzle was inside
the Elite's mouth, and pulled the trigger. Blood sprayed out of the
back â€" and the front â€" of the Elite's head, and it fell to the
ground. The bot turned straight away, firing on the Jackal's, and
Jonno heard its voice, which sounded familiar, only
computerized:

"_Flank them!_"

* * *

>Alex saw one Jackal drop as the Chief took one down, and the second

turned, which exposed its back to Alex. He fired, and the 3 bullets shattered the Jackal's spine, and it screeched one last time falling to the ground, kicking up some dust. Having no time to recover, Johnson shouted:<p><p>

"_Bugger's! Heading over the rooftops!_"

Alex told the Chief, which he knew wasn't Andrew, to follow him, and they were soon on the second level, and Alex jumped on the stationary turret in time to see a wave of new creatures fly over one of the rooftops. They made droning sounds as their wings beat against the wind, and Alex decided that's what he would call them. He opened fire with the turret- "Holy shit!" â€"and was amazed at the firepower that it provided.

The rounds reached the Drones and tore into their flesh, making dozens of them fall out of the air. His shields were hit with needles and plasma bolts, but he continued, and the Master Chief fired his Battle rifle, standing next to him. The last of the Drones were mopped up, and Alex took his hands off the turret, and then reloaded his Battle rifle. He slung his Battle rifle on his back, and then he pulled his SMG out of its pouch on his left thigh, pulled back the bolt then pushed it forwards, and then opened fire on the new group of Covenant to come through the doorway.

"_There's more on the street â€" left side!_" Johnson shouted through the COM.

"Take care of these guys!" Alex yelled to the Master Chief, who manned the turret and began shooting at the Elites and Grunts.

"There's a headset included in the box, and you can talk to me using that." He continued while firing at the Covenant on the ground from above. After a few crucial seconds of shooting, ducking behind cover, and yelling at marines, a voice came through.

"_Hello?_"

Alex recognized it.

"Jonno, I need you to duck behind cover, then work your way down to the ground, and then take them out from behind."

"_Okay_..." his voice sounded nervous â€" who wouldn't be? Taking orders from a computer, after just having watched your friend's brother roll around on the floor screaming in pain when there was nothing to prove it. It's fucking madness! But Jonno obeyed, and dropped down to the ground floor after taking out the last of the Covenant in the courtyard, paying no heed to the fact that the computer had called him 'Jonno'.

Alex saw Jonno behind the truck, and then told him to wait there.

"3â€¦" he tossed a fragmentation grenade â€" which he realised threw around metal shards that couldn't penetrate his shields, between the truck and the Covenant.

"2â€¦"

The grenade bounced once, and then settled.

"1."

Tink!

The grenade exploded, flinging metal fragments around, creating a whizzing sound around Alex head, and they flung across the road, zooming towards the Covenant. A smokescreen was also created, and Jonno ran out from behind the truck firing his Battle rifle. The Covenant became confused as to where the fire was coming from, because they were too busy running around or watching Alex on top of the balcony, who wasn't firing. 5 Grunts dropped, followed by the 2 Jackals, and then only one Elite remained, who was wounded by 2 fragments from the grenade, and was limping with blood rapidly flowing from a wound in his leg, and a wound in his left shoulder.

He heard movement and saw the blue Demon on the balcony raise the human 'Submachine gun'. The Elite raised his Plasma rifle in response, but wasn't quick enough. 7 rounds tore into him, but only 2 made it out his back, smashing into the wall. The Elite was confused. Why hadn't its energy shield worked? In anger, he turned to the Demon once again, and then received 19 more rounds, all to the stomach, chest and arms.

Inside the Elite, bullets penetrated almost every organ, zooming through its arteries, cutting open its stomach, and even slicing a small part off its kidneys. The Elite jolted with each bullet impact, but didn't falter. Weakly, it raised its Plasma rifle again, and fired 2 shots, both of which went wide. It was a wonder that the Elite's body hadn't fallen apart, and he shook feverishly, with blood oozing out of a lot of holes in it. The Elite dropped the Plasma rifle, and then it drew a Plasma grenade, holding down the button and speaking in a form of their language, which was indecipherable due to the fact that it was 3 seconds away from death.

Suddenly, 3 bullets from a Battle rifle entered its back and exited its stomach. The Elite leaned back and roared, finally letting out the pain. Purple blood flowed onto the ground, spraying outwards, and then the Elite dropped to the floor, alive, but unable to move, save breathing. Its hand was still closed around the grenade, and then it saw the butt of a weapon flying towards its face, and then its neck broke, and it finally went limp. Jonno punched the Elite closer to the door that occupied some of the wall in the courtyard, and then stood back, but stayed facing the body and the door. When he stood back Alex, from his position on the balcony, saw the present that the Elite had left â€" a Plasma grenade, in his hand, which was ignited and glowing blue.

"Jonno!" he yelled, running towards the edge, but knowing it was no use.

"_Get down!_"

Jonno looked up at him, which was when everything happened at once:

A Phantom appeared above them.

The door burst open, revealing 2 Hunters.

And the grenade exploded, right next to Jonathan Fansil.

* * *

><strong>AM: Sorry this one took so long, and sorry if it doesn't cover too much, but I assure you, the rest will, and there is a twist! In, maybe, the 10th, 11th or 12th (maybe not 12, but you never know) chapter. Once again, please read and review!**

8. Venturing Further

Venturing Further

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo 2.

1259 (Suits time)/

17 October (Military Calendar)/

Milky Way System/Earth/

Old Mombassa/

Status: Scared (As usual, in the game).

* * *

><p><p>

The doors that had burst open saved Jonno's life.

Three times. The first door flew over the top of the grenade and smashed into him, leaving the grenade only to affect the door. Jonno was thrown backwards from the door, and he hit the ground hard, sliding along it. The Hunter's fired immediately, and the beams passed right over him. The second door landed on top of him as he stopped sliding, and the Phantom fired all of it's turrets at him, bombarding the door with plasma fire.

* * *

>"Ow!"<p><p>

Jonno dropped the control and put his hands to his back, where he felt a small amount of pain. He was tempted to go and check on Andrew, but at that moment, Andrew came back in with Harry and Kiel at his side.
> "What happened?" asked Jonno.<p>

Andrew shrugged.

"Dunno, but I'm fine now."

Jonno looked at the T.V again, and saw that the door on top of him was beginning to break.

"Here we go," he said, picking up the control again.

* * *

>Alex leapt off the balcony, firing his Battle rifle at the Hunter's, and yelled through the COM for the marines to do the same. He hit the ground and rolled, feeling the blistering heat of the Hunter's custom Fuel rod cannons. He was on his feet again, and he got to the black door that had Jonno trapped under it, and he lifted it up, heaving it with all of his strength, amplified by the armour, at the Phantom's grav lift. The first Elite in a squad emerged and floated down, until the door sliced him in two, leaving each half to fall to the ground.<p><p>

"Come on!" he yelled, taking Jonno's hand and picking him up.

They ran inside the building as the Hunter's fired after them, despite the marines that were shooting at them, and plasma from the Phantom and new ground troops hit the walls and floor around them. They ran up the steps, and Jonno picked up a Plasma rifle.

"Use this instead," Alex said to him, handing him his SMG, and Jonno dropped the Plasma rifle, cocking the SMG.

"Marines," he said into the COM.

"Status."

"_We got 1 Hunter down, but that Goddamn Phantom is stopping us from getting the other! It already got Kane and Wister, and it's gonna get the rest of us if we don't take it out!_" PFC. John Hawkins answered him.

"And the other Covenant?"

"_Dead_,"

He could hear the gun/plasma fire through the channel and his ears, so he ran outside and told Jonno to get on the turret.

"I'll distract it, while you take out its guns." He said whilst priming a plasma grenade.

Jonno hopped onto the turret and Alex threw the grenade at the first turret, and then began shooting at it while he was running through the courtyard. All of the turrets swivelled towards him, and purple plasma lasers scorched the ground around him. There was a small blue explosion that clouded the front turret, and then Alex saw that Jonno had taken it out. The trail of bullets moved to the next turret, which then took aim at Jonno.

Jonno's shields fell fast, and he jumped off the turret, falling off the balcony and landing on his feet as the turret exploded, leaving nothing but the stump in its place.

"_Sarge, you need to get to a clearing on the other side of these buildings!_" a voice said, and Alex saw a Pelican flying towards the Phantom.

"_Meet you there, over?_"

"Copy that!" Johnson replied.

"Can you take care of this Phantom for us too?"

"_Will do, Sarge!_"

A missile streaked out of one of the pods on the side of the Pelican, and a long trail of exhaust followed it to the Phantom.

"Get out!" Johnson shouted.

"Through the door! Now! Now! Now!"

The remaining marines, Johnson, Alex and Jonno bolted through the doorway, just as the missile smashed into the right engine of the Phantom. The original explosion was clouded by a plasma explosion, which spread to cover most of the Phantom. Screams could still be heard from the inside, and they were silenced by the secondary explosion, which sent the remains of the Phantom â€" a black exoskeleton â€" crashing to the ground. Flames roared away from it, and any tree or shrub caught in it began to burn.

"_2nd squad, this is Cortana, what's your status, over_." Cortana broadcasted over the COM to the crashed Pelican's team, 2nd squad.

"_We're operational ma'am â€" barely â€" our pilots didn't make it_."

"_Find a hole, stay put. We'll come to you_."

They walked through the alleyway, and the marine on point cautiously stepped around the corner which led into a clearing with a large highway stretched above it, broken by the Scarab, and rubble strewn along it. At the other end was another small alleyway, and part of one of the buildings had been blown out, which had a Jackal standing on one of the support beams. The marine got one glimpse of the Jackal before it fired a high velocity beam, which smashed into the marine's head and emerged out the back, where his blood splattered onto the wall.

"Shit!" Alex said.

"Jackals," murmured Hawkins, peeking around the corner for a quick glance, and then bringing his head back.

"2 with shields and one with a fucking sniper rifleâ€¦"

"Grab his ammo and tags, _after_ we deal with these sons of bitches." Johnson said, pulling the bolt back on his Sniper rifle.

He leant around the corner with the scope raised to his face, and he doubled the magnification. He saw the Jackal's head, and he said,

"SMG's in the front, Battle rifles up back,"

Alex, Jonno and the 4 marines made themselves into 2 lines, with 4 SMG's and 2 Battle rifles between them.

Boom!

The sniper shot boomed, and Alex heard the thud of the Jackal hitting
the ground, and he and the others leapt out from behind the corner.
They ran towards the 2 Jackal's with the shields, firing their
weapons. Jonno lobbed a grenade at them, and it exploded, throwing
one of them into the wall, breaking some of its bones, and shielding
the other from view. They all stopped running and poured fire into
the small smokescreen, and when it disappeared, the Jackal was dead.
Alex reloaded his Battle rifle, shoving another clip in just as 3
more Jackals emerged from around the corner!

One of the marines screamed in pain as he 2 bolts of plasma melted
his chest plate, his skin, his liver and his ribcage, and he fell to
the ground, dropping his SMG.

"Hawkins!" Alex yelled.

"Concentrate on the one on the left!"

Hawkins had the other Battle rifle, and he fired at the left Jackal,
who answered with fire of its own. Everybody covered each other in
turn as they ran for any defilade amongst the rubble. Jonno reloaded
again, and he realised he was running out of
ammo.

Boom!

Johnson's Sniper rifle fired, and one of the Jackals dropped.

Boom! Boom!

2 more shots rang out, and one more fell, but the last one learned to
raise its shield in the other direction, and was rewarded when one
more shot boomed, and it stumbled back as the round smashed into its
shield. One of the SMG bullets caught it in its side, and it coiled
that way, blocking a heap more. Hawkins fired again, and his burst
smashed into the Jackal's head. It flopped backwards and hit the
ground, its shield deactivated.

They got out from behind what cover they had, picked up the dead
marine's dog tags and shared their ammo around.

Boom!

Johnson fired again.

"We got more!" he yelled.

Alex turned to see _more_ Jackals enter the clearing, accompanied by
Grunts.

"Where the hell is the fucking drop ship!" he shouted in frustration,
taking down 2 Grunts. Then, thousands of rounds smashed into the
Covenant, the walls, the ground, the windows, everything, and it all
came from the Pelican that zoomed over them and hovered above the
ground, letting 2 marines jump off.

"_Johnson!_" Keyes' voice came through the COM.

"_I need you on that bird._"

"Ma'am?"

"_We're gonna start airlifting reinforcements to this city â€" we'll need an escort that isn't afraid of a little hostile ground fire_."

> "Understood, I'll keep an eye on 'em." He turned to Jonno.<p>

"Chief, good luck."

Then he turned to Alex and tossed him his Sniper rifle, picking up an SMG from the weapons rack in the Pelican, and then standing next to the marine on the turret. The Pelican lifted off, leaving dust in its wake, and Alex checked the ammo in the current clip on his HUD: 3 rounds.

Static filled the COM, and Alex heard the voice of the 2nd squad leader:

"_This is 2nd squad, we have found a hole at Hotel Zanzibar and we are awaiting your arrival, over_,"

"_Roger that, 2nd squad, we're on our way_." Cortana answered.

They continued on, and when they got to the next corner, the Hawkins â€" who was on point â€" cautiously peered around the corner first, and then came back.

"6, maybe 7, snipers." He said.

"Bunch of Grunts on the left, and an Elite out the back, next to the blown out building."

"Okay," Alex said.

"Jonno, lead the wave with the SMG's, people with Battle rifles, stay back here and try to take out the closest snipers."

He swapped a marine his Battle rifle for an SMG.

"_Where are you going?_" Jonno asked.

"I'm going up there," he said, pointing to a tower that had a view of almost everything in the next area.

"And when you're finished with them, continue on to Hotel Zanzibar."

* * *

><strong>AN: That took a while, because I was trying to work on The Front Lines 2, but I got sidetracked and started working on this. Also, it might be a bit short, but I hope you liked it!**

    9. No Thanks I'll Walk

No Thanks. I'll Walk

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo 2.

* * *

>Jonno weaved back and forth, in real life, from his sitting position inside the lounge room. Andrew, Harry and Kiel sat, watching, waiting, like vultures that feed on...on, well, Jonno, I guess. <p>His character fired from his running position on the screen, and another sniper shot emitted from the bot's Sniper rifle.<p>

"He's not that good, is he?" Andrew asked.

"Nah, I could beat him." Harry said.

"Bullshit."

An explosion came over the TVs speakers, and Jonno turned around to see the bot's tower collapse, flinging rocks in every direction. He turned back around and heard another explosion, the same noise as the first, and knew the bot was dead.

The two lines that the marines had formed were sprinting forwards, and so far, they hadn't been shot. The Covenant were so startled that the humans were moving _towards_ them, that the few that managed to fire missed, and were cut down by the marines, and Jonno.

4 more shots came, one after the other, and they each thudded into a Jackal, all of which carried Beam rifles. Jonno realised that the bot wasn't dead, and he a bullet into the brain of a Grunt that had been stupid enough to stand still, and the remaining Jackals with shields regrouped and walked forward steadily, in a line, with their shields raised.

"Fire in the hole!" the marine, which Jonno found was named Hawkins, shouted, pulling a grenade from his belt. He 'side-threw' it at the middle Jackal, and it rolled under its shield and feet. A marine up front was hit by 3 plasma shots, and he cried out, and then collapsed. He was alive, but only just.

The grenade exploded, killing 4 of the 6 Jackals, and flinging the fifth into the wall, breaking its spine, but not killing it. They finished off that Jackal, and, as the last attempted to run away 2 marines concentrated on it with their SMG's. Blood coughed out of its chest, and its back was completely ripped apart. It fell to the ground, and one marine picked up the wounded soldier, and they all advanced towards an ally off to the left.

"Son of a bitch!" one of the marines up front yelled, and he started firing wildly at nothing. Then again, when Jonno looked closer, there was a ghostly shimmer.

Suddenly, an Energy sword just materialised in front of them, and it lashed across the marine's stomach, and blood sprayed outwards, and seemingly stopped in mid-air, staying afloat on some unseen object.

"_It's an invisible Elite_!" the bot's voice came through Jonno's headset, and he immediately moved backwards as the sword sliced

through the wounded marine.

"Fire!" Jonno yelled.

"_Fire_!"

The marines ran backwards, firing their weapons wildly at the blood stain that hung in midair, then charged towards them. It ran for Jonno, and he heard a small whistling sound. It raised its sword and brought it down â€" there was no way Jonno would get out of this one. The whistling sound grew louder, and closer, and then a bullet _smashed_ into the head of the Elite, and it was revealed as a gold Elite. Its blood spattered the wall and ground, and it was thrown to the ground.

* * *

><em>1 minute earlier<em>...

Alex stood in the bell tower, with the stand of the Sniper rifle out, and resting on the wall. To his left was the dead power line that he had tied to the massive energy pipes above him, for a quick get-away. He looked through the scope, and relayed information about the troop deployment to the marines.

Suddenlyâ€¦

Boom!

An explosion rocked the entire tower, and Alex knew that it was one of the Covenant anti-building turrets that lay along the beach, and in many other places. As the building slowly started to tumble, he slung his Sniper rifle on top of his Battle rifle, and he scrambled for the power line, but it slid away from the building.

Actually, the building slid away from it.

It began to tumble down to the right, and another blue orb appeared in the sky, zooming straight towards him! He clambered onto the roof, with little time left, and then jumped.

He leapt off the building, and watched as it continued to fall, and then crash to the ground behind him. He turned his head forward, only to be face-to-face with the blue orb! His shields steadily drained, and he roared, twisting to his right, and stretching out his hands.

Slap!

Something hit his left hand and he grabbed it with his right hand as well, pulling himself towards it.

It was the power line.

He smashed into it, and it swung him up, saving him from the anti-building plasma ball. The momentum carried him up, until he was able to grab onto the pipe, and he clambered on top of it, then unslung his Sniper rifle again. He took a moment to tie the other end of the string to his right foot, as to avoid any other 'accidents' like that.

He stood back up and put the scope to his helmet, looking into the clearing that the marines were advancing into. He took out the Jackal snipers first, taking out four of them, with four shots. He watched as they took out a line of Jackals, and then something sliced a marine in 2.

Shit.

"It's an invisible Elite!" He yelled through the COM, aiming his sniper at it.

Boom!

Another plasma orb impacted on the building, which was ages away, which the pipe Alex was on was attached to. Alex lost his balance, and he fell, holding his Sniper rifle in his right hand with a death grip, and flailing the other in a desperate attempt to grab onto something. But there was nothing, only a 100ft drop down to the ground.

Twang!

The power line attached to his foot became taught, and he thanked God, who he knew was probably grumbling at the fact that that was the first time Alex had said 'Thank you', when he had saved his life more than once.

His arm caught around the power line, and he couldn't free it, and he couldn't get back up in time to save whoever the Elite would kill next. He heard another marine scream over the COM, and looked at the 2 buildings that obscured his view. He was upside down, and he held his Sniper rifle out at arm's length, but he still managed to look through the scope.

Boom!

His sniper kicked 'up', and the bullet zoomed out of the barrel, whistling across the distance between him and the buildings in less than a quarter of a second, and it went straight _through_ the 1cm gap between the buildings! It came out the other side, and then the Elite moved _into_ it! It was thrown to the ground, and Alex sighed, slinging his Sniper rifle and pulling out a combat knife to slice off the power line where it met his foot. The knife broke through it, and he hung by his left hand.

He sheathed his knife, and began the climb upwards.

* * *

>Since the Elite attack, there had been 2 casualties. <p>One: due to the Jackal snipers posted in the next ally way.<p>

And two: due to the Covenant forces that had just ambushed them.

Jonno fired at the Elite that had charged around the broken down truck, and its shields flashed in response. He reloaded his SMG and ducked down a small flight of steps, leading to a locked door, and a stream of plasma swept through the air where he was.

He leapt out and fired at it again, and its shields finally gave, enabling 7 rounds to enter, and in some cases, exit, the upper half of its body.

It roared one last time, and Jonno smashed the end of his SMG on top of the Elite's head. It howled and fell to the ground, its blood littering the floor around it. Now, with the group of marines scattered, and only one Battle rifle left amongst the marines â€" Hawkins â€" Jonno pulled his out, immediately firing at a group of Grunts. The lead Grunt, wearing red armour, took a round in the chest, then a burst in the head.

The Grunt toppled backwards and showered its comrades with blood. The rest of the Grunts were covered with the standard orange armour, and the new point Grunt screamed, running away. The rest of the Grunts returned fire, and Jonno's shields dropped as he fired a burst into the scared Grunt's back. He took down 2 more, leaving 3, before he ducked behind the truck to allow his shields to recharge, and for him to reload. He charged back out, and took down 2 Grunts, with the remaining marines taking down the last.

He heard a sniper shot, but from a Covenant Beam rifle, and he turned to see a marine collapsing, screaming, with a _clean_ hole in his leg. Blood flowed out of the wound, and he lay on the ground, with marines scrambling for cover. Jonno crouched on the stairs again, and he watched as the marine felt around for his weapon.

"Guys," he whispered, unable to manage anything above.

"Help me."

"Stay down!" Hawkins hissed.

"Pleaseâ€¦"

"Don't move!"

The marine finally lay still.

* * *

>Alex leapt from one rooftop to the other, and he saw a Jackal sniper fire a shot from its position on the roof down to a clearing below it. He unslung his Battle rifle and approached it from behind. His feet thudded as they went from the building above, to behind the Jackal. It went to fire another shot, when Alex tapped it on the shoulder. <p>It sniffed, and then wheeled around, surprised and screeching, and the butt of Alex's rifle snapped up, catching the Jackal on the cheek. Its neck snapped, and it flew off the building from the force of the impact. The dead Jackal hit the ground, landing next to a stunned marine, who looked up.<p>

"Sure is good to see you, sir!" Hawkins shouted.

Alex leapt off the building, pausing to kick the Jackal in the chest, and then looked at a marine that lay still, on the ground.

Too still.

Alex relieved the dead man of his SMG, and then clipped it to his left thigh, and picked up another, clipping it to his right thigh. He grabbed some ammo for a Battle rifle from another dead marine, and then shared it around.

"Sir, we've searched the area around the hotel â€" which is just up ahead â€" and there's quite a few Covenant there," Hawkins said to The Master Chief (Jonno), who Alex heard say in reply,

"_Okayâ€¦_"

"This is why I never walk to hotels," one marine grumbled.

Alex looked over the group: They were in good shape, and he could count on most of them, including Hawkins and Jonno. He made a mental though to give Hawkins a promotion when they had time. There were 4 marines left, and they were all going to assault that hotel â€" he needed them all in their top form.

"Marines!" he barked.

"Lock and load!"

* * *

><strong>AN: Yeah, I know this chapter didn't cover that much, but the next few chapters will be AWSOME!**

Anyway, I will be putting everything on hold until first day of January (That gives me like 7 whole days to rest! SEVEN WHOLE DAYS!!! YESSSSS!!!), and then I will continue both, starting with The Front Lines 2, and so on.

BUT, when I finish both, I will do a redo of Halo 3: Earth's Final Stand, because the original wasn't what I could've made it to be.

Thanks for reading, and please review!

    10. 5 Star: Hotel Zanzibar

5 Star: Hotel Zanzibar.

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo 2; I am just a fan of the soon-to-be trilogy.

* * *

><strong>1330 (Suits time)**

17 October (Military Calendar)/

Milky Way System/Earth/

Old Mombassa/

Status: Ready to kick some ass.

Alex pulled the bolt on his Battle rifle back and let it go, hearing
a satisfying, metallic, _clack_ 3 rounds slid into the 3 separate
chambers. The other marines were ready. Good.

"Okay marines," he said while stepping over to the corner and peering
around.

"We got 2 Elites, 3 Grunts."

"That's it?" one bewildered marine asked.

"Yes, but they're spec ops. Elites."

"Oh, fuck me!"

Alex crouched at the corner.

"Jonno! Get up here!"

The Master Chief joined him at the corner.

"You go around the back â€" we'll distract them."

Alex watched as Jonno ran around the back of the building, and then
he turned his attention back to the front of the hotel, where he saw
one of the Elite's crouching behind a small, portable Plasma turret,
which was facing the inside of the building, where he saw more
Covenant.

And Second squad was on the other side of the building.

"Marines, form up!" he barked, and the marines crouched beside him,
leaning around the corner.

"Grenades on my mark and then find cover."

"He drew his own grenade, and counted down.

"3, 2, 1, mark!"

5 grenades were lobbed towards the Covenant defence emplacement, and
the marines ran for cover, ducking behind 'dead' cars and rubble from
buildings.

The first grenade hit the ground, bounced twice, and rolled to the
feet of two Grunts, who were startled, until the grenade
exploded.

"Yee-ha!" One marine yelled. "That's two for me!"

2 grenades had landed next to the Elite that was patrolling, and he
had been smart enough to dive, but he was thrown into a wall, and
then fell to the ground, alive, but badly wounded.

The last 2 grenades were thrown too far, and they bounced past the
remaining Covenant troops, but served as a distraction â€" Alex and
the marines moved from cover long enough to fire about half a clip
each.

The last Grunt fell, but the Elite refused to go down. The first

Elite joined the second, and together they fired a barrage of plasma bolts. Alex and the marines resumed firing for a nano-second more, before ducking back behind their cover. Plasma zoomed over Alex's head, and then the Plasma rifle's over-heated. Alex leapt out from behind his cover, firing his Battle rifle in the general direction of the white armoured Elite's, whilst running towards them. He pulled the trigger once, twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, but the Elite's stood still â€" letting their shields take the hits â€" patiently waiting for their Plasma rifle's to cool.

They did, and the Elite's opened fire straight away. Alex roared in defiance, not willing to accept the fact that this might be the wave of plasma that would kill him.

It wasn't.

Suddenly, the plasma moved slow â€" _very_ slow, and his run slowed to a walk, then he stopped.

He heard dampened sounds of human, and Covenant, weapons firing, and he turned around to see bullets slowly moving towards the Elite's. The air behind the bullets was distorted, and he moved closer to look at the bullets themselves. He plucked one out of the air, just like that, and examined it â€" it was real.

Alex let the bullet drop, and it slowly floated down to the ground, as if it was underwater. He turned back around to the Elite's, and stepped out the way of incoming plasma bolts.

This must beâ€¦ Spartan reflexes, he thought.

Combined with my own.

The realisation hit him â€" nobody was slowing down â€" he was speeding up.

He grinned inside his helmet, and ran towards the first Elite. It tried to shoot him, but he easily side-stepped all of the bolts. The Elite's moves were sluggish, and he dropped his Battle rifle before reaching it, stopping right in front of it. He punched it, over and over, and each time it reacted extremely slowly. His fists pounded its chest, and its shields failed.

Wham!

He spun around, delivering a roundhouse kick to the Elite, and it â€" slowly â€" flew backwards through the air. Alex turned to deal with the second Elite, picking up his Battle rifle at the same time, and raised it to the Elite's head, pulling the trigger. The Elite's shields failed immediately, due to the closeness of the Battle rifle.

Suddenly, everything became louder, and noise gradually returned, along with the speed of everything else.

"No!" he said to himself, pulling the trigger again.

No dice. The Battle rifle emitted a loud _click_ as the clip ran dry, and the bolt remained open. By now, everything had returned to normal, and the marines ceased fire, afraid to hit Alex, whom the

Elite roared at. Alex roared back, and the Elite clubbed him over the head with its Plasma rifle.

Alex stumbled back and fell, landing on the road with a thud, and saw that his shields were almost fully drained. The Elite levelled its Plasma rifle at Alex without hesitation.

Alex didn't need it to display any anyway.

His feet lashed up at batted the Plasma rifle away, but still moved, swinging around and bringing him onto his knees with the momentum. He stood up quickly, and kicked the Elite in the shin. The Elite flinched, but punched Alex in the chest in response, twice.

The first punch brought his already weakened shield down, and the second left him gasping for breath. He quickly got it back, and regained his focus, using the butt of his Battle rifle to punch the Elite in return. The armour dinted inwards, but the Elite hardly doubled over. Alex did it again, but the Elite's hands caught it halfway, and they pushed against it.

They pushed against each other, and then everything started to slow down again.

Alex heard himself panting, and was only oriented enough to see what happened inside his helmet, which was enough.

A single bullet, followed by two more, shattered a tiny amount of the glass on the right side of his visor, and tiny shards of glass lazily flew around inside his helmet. The bullets slowly made their way over to the other side of his helmet, and exited the same way.

Sound returned, and Alex regained focus, once again, and saw the Elite' head snap up, looking to Alex's right â€" where the shot came from. There was another shot, and Alex saw three holes appear inside the Elite's stomach plate, before it roared, and then simply disappeared.

Alex began to breathe slowly, but was confused.

"Where the fuck did it go?" he asked

The Elite was no where to be found.

* * *

>"Fuck!" Jonno shouted.<p><p>

"Where'd he go?! I had him!"

"Bullshit you had him!"

"_More Covenant!_"

"_I know, goddamn it! Take 'em out!_"

"_Fire!_"

* * *

>Alex looked to his right, and saw the Master Chief crouching in the middle of the road, with his Battle rifle pointed towards Alex. Alex looked back towards the hotel, and saw a team of Grunt's stream out, followed by the marines' voices.<p><p>

"_More Covenant!_"

"_I know, goddamn it! Take 'em out!_"

"_Fire!_"

He rolled over and kept his head down as hundreds of bullets zoomed over his head, entering, and in some cases exiting, the Grunt's. They screamed and squealed, toppling over, with some trying to run. They only got bullets in the back.

The Grunts were dead; the bodies left to drown in their own blue blood, but more and more piled out, closely followed by Jackals as well. The first of the Grunts went down quickly, but more replaced them, and the Jackals crouched in front of the Grunts with their shields acting as a barricade.

Slowly, however, some of the Jackals and Grunts disappeared, one by one, into thin air. Alex cocked an eyebrow, and reloaded his Battle rifle, rolling over to fire in the gaps that were created. A Jackal went down to three bursts from his Battle rifle, and Jonno took down some as well.

Hawkins lobbed a grenade into the middle of the Jackal line, and it exploded, flinging Jackal's away, and leaving the remaining ones confused and scattered. They finished them off, and advanced to the door. Two marines remained stationary the two rectangular windows either side of the front door, while Hawkins, the fourth marine, Alex and Jonno crouched beside the front door.

"Lobby looks clear," one marine said from his position at the window.

"Okay, Master Chief â€" what's the plan?" Alex asked Jonno.

"_Uhhâ€¦ run in, and then check the hall, and any open doors?_"

Alex sighed inwardly. Jonno was hardly the person to count on when it came to leadership.

"Well you heard him." Hawkins said to the other marine at the door.

"Go, go, go!"

They ran through the open door, sweeping every square centimetre with their weapons, watching for any sign of movement.

Suddenly, all the lights went dead, and Alex stiffened â€" they were in the perfect position to receive an attack.

"Marines, turn on your helmet lights," he said over the comm â€" no point in talking out loud when the lights were out, was there?
> Jonno's light clicked on, and then Hawkins', the other marine's, and Alex's.<p>

"Sir," Hawkins whispered, moving closer.

"Back there â€" you were moving so fast â€" how did you do
that?"

Alex was about to answer, when there was a menacing growl to his
right. He spun to face his right flank, with his Battle rifle raised,
but his helmet light showed nothing.

He turned back to face the hallway up ahead.

"_Marines_," he heard Hawkins say.

"_Move in, but watch our six._"

"_Yes, sir_â€¦"

Whack!

Alex's Battle rifle was swatted aside by an invisible force, and he
felt a wave of adrenaline course through him. He raised his Battle
rifle again, holding it still.

But there was nothing in front of him.

Then, a plasma grenade materialised in the air a few metres ahead of
him, and it sailed through the air. He was so stunned that he didn't
move, and then it attached itself to his Battle rifle.

"Agh!" He threw the Battle rifle down the hall, and threw himself
back.

The grenade detonated, taking the Battle rifle to the abyss, and
nearly consuming Alex. What it also did was fuck up the camouflage
generator of the Elite's in front of them, revealing 5
Elite's.

"Contact!" Hawkins screamed, snapping up his Battle rifle and pulling
the trigger.

"12 'o clock!" Alex shouted confirmed, lying on his back and
struggling with the 2 SMG's attached to his thighs.

He finally managed to unclip them, and he stood up, aiming both of
them at the barely see-able black Elite's, who returned fire. He
jammed his fingers on the two separate triggers, and then moved his
arms left and right, spraying bullets all over the hallway. The SMG's
started to rise, so he stopped firing, steadied them, and then
resumed. The SMG's stopped firing, and they clicked. Alex shook them,
smashed the sides against his thigh's once, and the clips popped
out.

There was a scream as one of the marines went down, a burning hole in
his chest. Alex pushed the empty receivers against one new clip on
both of the SMG's, and they stayed in the receiver. He aimed up again
and resumed his firing. His shields started to drop rapidly as he
started to take hits, but he just kept firing.

Plasma and projectiles zoomed back and forth in the tight hallway.

One Elite went down, another marine went down, and Hawkins went prone, avoiding numerous bolts of plasma that lashed over his head. Jonno stayed at the back of the group, lobbing a grenade or two, careful not to let his shields deplete.

"_Get clear!_" a voice shouted over the comm and, almost straight after it, there was an almighty explosion, and the Elite's were engulfed by smoke and flames. They roared and became almost invisible in the smoke.

There were the sounds of Battle rifle's, SMG's, and a shotgun being fired, and then the screaming of the Elite's subsided. When the smoke cleared, 11 ODST's emerged, stepping over the bodies of the dead Elite's.

"Second squad, reporting in." the lead ODST said, standing with his back straight.

Alex exhaled deeply.

The battle for Hotel Zanzibar was over.

* * *

><strong> <p><strong>Xbox computer: <strong>

**Warning: Error in drawing **

**out source. **

**Problem: Too many electrical **

**components. **

**Attempting to find secondary source used. **

Stand by.****

* * *

><p><p>

A/N: Hey all, I know that I haven't covered much ground in the last few chapters, but from about chapter 12 and on will probably be the best.

**

Please review on your way out.

And has anybody got Ghosts of Onyx yet? That book is awesome.

11. Getting back

Getting Back

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo, only the characters that I make up.

* * *

>Jonno lay on the carpet and turned over.<p><p>

"Yeahâ€¦" he said. "I'm just gonna save this, and turn it off, and
then we can go and look for Alex."

"Whatever," Andrew said, and the others nodded in
agreement.

"Okay."

* * *

>The ODST soldiers greeted Alex and the Master Chief with a nod, and
the Sergeant reported to the Chief.<p><p>

"Sir, we got hit hard, landed on the beach, blasted some of the
bastards, and then met up with you. What's your story?"

Alex was disgusted at the man's attitude towards the 'Chief', but had
read the Halo novels, and knew that all Helljumpers disliked the
Master Chief, for some strange reason.

The Master Chief didn't answer, but instead just disappeared into
thin air, leaving no trace as to where, and how, he went.

"What the-?" one of the marines was bewildered, and staggered back.
Even Hawkins cocked an eyebrow.

Alex held his breath, knowing that Jonno had turned off the
Xbox.

While he was still in it.

Suddenly, the marines began to disappear, one by one, and when
Hawkins' time came, he looked at Alex.

"What's happeni-?!"

He disappeared, and his yelp echoed in the quite hallway. Alex turned
and ran for the end of the hall, and he skidded to a stop outside,
looking out over the beach that he saw.

He watched as hundreds of Covenant soldiers all over the beach just
vanished, and he imagined that this was happening all over the game,
on every single level.

This was bad.

Really bad.

His 2 SMG's that were in his hands disappeared, and then he felt for
his Battle rifle, but it was also gone. Alex suddenly felt that
sucking sensation, and he opened his mouth to yell, but he was
already gone by then.

* * *

><em>Wham!<em>

Alex landed on a table outside some sort of restaurant, and he gasped.

He was back.

He leapt into the air and screamed with joy, and then he looked around.

Everyone, at every table, was staring at him, and he gulped, and then looked down.

He was naked.

People covered their eyes, and someone screamed, and that was when he leapt off the table and ran â€" down the street, under many watching eyes. He skidded to a stop at the front of a store, and then ran inside. He passed people that were surprised to see a naked boy running down the aisles. On the way he grabbed a shirt, a pair of jeans, and ran into one of the changing rooms â€" it was a clothes store.

Alex came back out 30 seconds later wearing the clothes, and he selected a pair of socks and shoes, put them on, and then tripped over.

Whack!

"Ow!"

He yelled in pain, and looked at the shoulder that he had landed on â€" it was the shoulder that had been shot by Andrew during Lockout, and the 3 bullet wounds had opened back up. Blood began flowing onto the carpet, but he didn't feel any further pain â€" if this wound had been transmitted through the game to the real world, than what else came through?

Shit.

The marines. And the Covenant.

He stood back up and ran, out of the store, out of the mall, avoiding peoples eyes as they passed, looked at him, and then the trail of blood following him.

* * *

>'Folomee 'Montominee's feet hit the ground, and he remained roaring at the green Demon, but then realised that it had disappeared.<p><p>

They all had.

He looked down â€" there were 3 holes, oozing with blood, in his stomach, and he knew that he had to get them treated when he somehow returned to the CP. He was in some sort of narrow alley, and he looked out towards the exit, approaching it.

He seemed to be in another one of 'Earth's' city's.

Tall buildings filled the view of the blue sky, and only a few clouds were in the air. Human vehicles drove dangerously close to 'Folomee, but he didn't react; he just kept on 'grinning' to himself â€" he could get promoted for the idea's that were forming in his brain.

He slowly sank back into the alleyway.

When the time came, he would contact anybody that of higher rank and authority, and then they could carry out his plan â€" annihilating a single human city in at least 2 days.

* * *

>1 hour â€" and a train ride involving a lot of snooping around behind ticket officer's backs â€" later, Alex was just approaching his front door, when he stopped.<p><p>

He couldn't come through the front door; he had last been standing in the _backyard_.

He crept around the back, making sure that nobody saw him coming through.

"Oi, Alex!"

He froze, slowly turning to see Jonno standing there with a questioning look on his face.

"Where the hell have you been, man? We've been looking all over for you!"

Before Alex could answer, Harry came around the corner.

"Man, you should've seen Andrew's face when that bot 'pwned' him. That was awesome." He didn't even register the fact that Alex had been gone for some time, and he continued to talk about the 'bot that killed Andrew' and how the party was going to be awesome.

Alex felt light-headed, and he put his hand to his head.

"What's the time?" he asked, going inside, stepping into the lounge room and sitting down.

Jonno consulted his watch.

"The hell if I know â€" my watch is broken."

Kiel walked into the room, followed by Andrew.

"Andrew," Jonno said. "What's the time?"

Andrew pulled his iPod from his pocket and examined it.

"5 o'clock." He said.

"You've been missing everything!" Kiel exclaimed.

"Andrew kept on getting killed by a bot in the game, and he started having something resembling a spasm on the floor."

Alex froze.

"What kind of spasm?" he asked.

Kiel shrugged.

"Meh. He just started rolling around on the floor screaming and holding his arm."

"It's all gone now." Andrew said.

Alex hesitated before asking the next question.

"What did it feel like?"

Andrew thought for a moment, suspicious of Alex and his questions about his little 'shenanigan' earlier.

"It felt really hot â€" yet really cold at the same time. Either way, it _burned_."

Alex could see him wincing when he though about it.

"Where have you been?"

He realised that they were all crowding around him, and he started to tell them the story of what happened, when his Mum came in.

"Honey," she said. "I just got a call from work, and they said that the party was moved to Monday, at 9:00am. So I'll write you all a note."

Alex started to reply as mum was walking away, but Kiel shouted:

"What's that on your shoulder?"

Alex started to feel immense pain again, and he looked at his shoulder, where blood was seeping through the black shirt, staining it.

How the hell am I gonna get out of this? He thought.

"Uhâ€¦. I fell over, and I landed on a shard of glass."

There was silence.

"Bull." Harry said, laughing.

"Let's see that."

Andrew lifted up Alex's sleeve, but there was only a smudge of dark red where all the blood from the wound was gathering, and sliding down his arm. Jonno coughed and turned away, but the others didn't â€" they were trying to see the actual wound underneath the blood.

"Tell you what," Andrew said, dropping the shirt. "Let's just forget about this arvo â€" it's been strange â€" and we'll focus on what we're gonna do tonight; hedge jumping."

"Dude, what the fuck is that?" Kiel asked.

"You run towards a hedge, and you jump _into_ it!"

"Awesome," said Harry. "When are we going? What time?"

Alex's mind wasn't on the 'activities' for later; why had this wound appeared, and not any of the others that had been done â€" like the wounds from when he had nearly died during his crash on the _In Amber Clad_.

He forgot about it â€" for now â€" and finished the conversation.

"We are doing all the radical things tonight â€" at eleven o'clock."

A/N: This chapter has taken ages for me, because I haven't been in the mood lately, and every time I go to sit down and do it I get back up and do something else. So sorry if you were waiting for that and the next chapter is just going to be them doing kickass stuff like (of course) hedge jumping, knock and runs and egging, and more â€" all at night! So I hope you look forward to that. And then the ultimate twist comes in. But if you haven't figured out what it is by now then you should probably see a psychologist. Sorry if this is too long, or too short.

Please review when you are done.

     12. Things Go 'Bump' In The Night

Things Go 'Bump' In The Night

Disclaimer: I do not own any share of the Halo franchise/trilogy. And I do not condone/encourage or commit any acts that are presented in this chapter. One of my friends does this stuff and asked me to recount it (no joke).

A/N: In Australia thongs are uncovered footwear. Just making sure.

* * *

><p>The moon shone down upon the normally peaceful suburb of Kuraby. Most of the people in the estate of Orchard Heights were sleeping peacefully. A breeze in the soft and silent night. Trees in the park inside the estate swayed with the wind. A small few houses glowed dimly. The street lamps were limited, but they glowed brightly and came as a complete contrast to the black of the night.<p>

A chill swept through Alex as he stood out the front of his house, watching the windows and his lonesome reflection in the glass. The small gust of wind tugged softly at his hair, and he brushed it back into place. He hugged himself closer, wishing he had brought a jacket of some kind. His loose denim shorts and barely-fitting Avenged Sevenfold shirt wasn't cutting it. On his feet he wore socks and runners. A lot better than Jonno's footwear, which, last Alex checked, was a pair of thongs. Teeth chattering. It was okay, though,

because soon they would be running around, sweating, becoming hot, all that jazz.

The gate in the fence to Alex's backyard swung open and Jonno, Kiel, Harry and Andrew all ran out, eager to make it off the unnecessarily large front lawn and onto the road of the cul-de-sac.

"What took you guys so long?" Alex hissed as they slowed down to a walk and turned to the mouth of the street.

"Jonno lost one of his thongs," Kiel laughed.

Harry punched Jonno in the arm.

"Fucking idiot," he joined in the laughing.

Alex joined their line of walking and glanced across at Jonno's face, which, illuminated by a street lamp, went bright red with shame. Looking down, Alex saw that Jonno was now wearing no footwear of any kind. In the cold situation that they were in, this went very poorly with his shorts and singlet. Alex could almost see the goosebumps brought up by the cold.

"Shut up!" Andrew hissed at them. "We're still in the street, and if the parents hear us and wake up, we're boned!"

"Have you got the torch?" Alex asked, and in response Kiel shone it in his eyes before shoving the miniature torch into his jacket pocket.

The group emerged from the cul-de-sac and turned left, constantly glancing back to make sure no one back at the house had heard them get out.

About 5 metres out, Jonno laughed.

"It does gonna be a lot harder getting is when in 3 hours from now."

There was a verbal silence as they continued on, the only sounds being made done so by their walking. Finally Harry turned to Jonno.

"_What_?"

* * *

><p>Concealed by the shadows cast by a large tree at the mouth of the street, a figure watched with interest as Alex, Andrew, Jonno, Kiel and Harry began a jog out of the street. They passed within metres of the figure, but none of them bothered to look into the shadows. They continued on as the figure made ready to follow them.<p>

A T-intersection up ahead proved a dilemma for the group, as they were so hyped up on adrenaline they didn't know which way to go â€" left, right or do the house straight in front of them.

Andrew immediately abolished the latter of the three.

"We are _not_ going to knock and run, or ding-dong-ditch â€" whatever

the hell you wanna call it â€" the house that is a 60 metre walk down the road and in almost plain sight of my house. Now pick, left or right."

Jonno nodded and swallowed a mouthful of saliva before speaking up.

"We are in agreement with you, Andrew, or, as someone else might put it, we _concur_. In saying that we _harmonize_ with this reasoning, we are in _total harmony_ and we have what would be called an _accord_. This may also be stated with the synonym _agreement_, in the sense that we are all in agreement, which brings us back to the beginning, when we agreed with your statement. Now, no one that has any form of sanity would even _consider_ the alternative of the right choice when presented with the wrong and right statement. Therefore, we all agreed with you because you were _right_. In conclusion, I do believe that your statement has influenced all of us to lean towards the preference of the right turn, then in turn solving our predicament â€" the classic 'one or the other â€" with the superior of the 50/50 selection: the right turn."

There was an awkward silence as the group stared at Jonno with unbelieving eyes at the logically complex sentence he had just uttered at 11:18 pm on a Friday night.

The silence was broken by Alex.

"What? Dude, _what!?_"

"I can live with that." Harry said.

"Yeah," Andrew agreed. "Right it is."

"No," Alex said. "I know, I can live with it too, butâ€¦ what the _fuck_ was that?!"

They started walking to the right, Alex still trying to contemplate what the hell just happened.

"Why not just say 'right"? I don't know what the fuck just happened?!"

Harry patted him on the shoulder.

"Don't worry, no one does!"

Harry then turned to Jonno to congratulate him on his first logically contradictory sentence, but was surprised to find nothing but air floating next to him â€" no Jonno. He turned around, along with the rest of the group, to find Jonno standing in the exact same position that he had been in when he finished speaking.

"Jonno?"

They moved closer, concerned. They stood in front of him, watching with worrying eyes as his only movement was the soft twitch of his left eyelid.

"You right, mate?"

Suddenly Jonno straightened, his eyes shot fully open, and he yelped something incoherent. The other four nearly shit their pants, jumping a foot into the air each and yelping themselves. Jonno looked around wildly, then calmed down a little, but still glanced around.

"What happened?" He said. "I blacked out for... aâ€¦ minuteâ€¦How the hell did we get outside?"

* * *

><p>After five minutes of walking, laughing and hooning around on main roads, street roads, cul-de-sacs and many a pathway that led to dead-ends, the group was beginning to doubt they'd find any hedge that looked good enough to relax them when they fell through it.<p>

"Now," Alex explained. "The first rule of hedge jumping is to always watch your exits. You never know when you're fall through a nice and soft hedge and land on the perfectly green and cushiony grass and then _wham!_" â€“ he slapped his right fist into his open left hand for emphasis â€“ "an old bastard comes out of the house with a shotgun and blows the shit out of you then pisses on your bloody remains and teabags the fucked up lump of shit that could once pass for your face."

The group stared at him, something that seemed to be happening a lot this night.

Alex held up his hands in defence. "Hey, I'm just saying, it happens!"

Andrew continued on for him.

"Look around for the best way out possible â€“ regardless of whether they chase you or not â€“ so you're totally sure that they can't lose you. Stick with Alex and me, we kn-"

"Alex and _I._" Kiel corrected.

"What?"

"You said 'Alex and _me_', where it's 'Alex and _I_."

"Dude, shut up." Harry laughed.

"Anyways," Andrew continued. "Stick with Alex and _I_, because we know these streets better than you."

"Fucking big shotâ€¦"

"What was that?"

Jonno stood his ground as Andrew rounded on him, laughing, but still raising a menacing fist.

"I said, f-"

"Guys!" Harry interrupted. "Look!"

They all turned and followed Harry's pointing arm to find a hedge

sitting on the front lawn, so beautifully fluffy, a street lamp shining its beam down over the hedge in a very cliché manner.

"The perfect hedge!" Jonno had forgotten that Andrew had been ready to pummel him, joking or not, and began drooling.

"Alright, alright." Alex said, snapping out of his own hypnotic ordeal and looking at the others. "Rule number 2 is keeping your head. You must never lose focus, otherwise you are fucked beyond saving. _Feel_ the hedge. Pet it on the top and sides â€" gently â€" so you can see how many branches are close by and determine whether it's too hard or soft."

The group edged forwards slowly, Jonno still having left his chin on the road behind him. Figuratively, of course.

They stepped onto the grass of the front lawn, onto the footpath, onto more grass, and they reached the hedge. Alex ran his hand over the top of it. The leaves were nice and soft â€" but of course, they were leaves. He pressed down slightly and felt that the layer of leaves was not all that thick, but the branches up top were thin. This would be a soft hedge, but not too soft. Perfect.

"Alright, guys," He said. "Back up. Let the master show you how it's done!"

They all moved away from it, back across the road, and onto the gutter on the opposite side.

"You guys, this is it. I want everyone to follow me in â€" pick a part of the hedge, any part, unless you want to pass straight over and have to deal with mass back pain. And remember â€" it's not so much jumping as it is launching â€" fall through backwards."

He set his eyes straight and let them wander over the house. The front door was about 10 metres away from the hedge, if that. There was one light on, but from what he could see it was near the back of the house. He took a deep breath and looked at the hedge.

Come on. He thought to himself.

You've done this a million times, what's there to be afraid of?

He ran. Cool wind rushing. He hit the road and gathered speed. The hedge got closer and closer. Onto the gutter, the footpath.

Now!

He spun around and propelled himself backwards. His lower back felt light resistance as it touched the upper leaves of the hedge, and then he fell on top of it. The branches cut at him as he fell through the middle of the rectangular bush, and then he hit the hard stuff, something he had not been wary of, not anticipated.

Stones. A bed of them just behind the hedge. He landed on his back hard, with his legs still propped up in the air on the hedge.

He yelled in pain.

With a _whump_ a body landed next to him and yelled an obscenity. He saw it was Jonno.

"Come on," he said frantically to Jonno, chuckling. "Let's go."

Jonno was laughing.

Alex struggled but finally managed to wriggle onto his stomach, and then he used his hands to crawl away and let his legs off the hedge. There was a rustle of leaves as someone else flew through the hedge. A branch snapped loudly. "Ow, dammit!"

Alex stood up, but then a body mass slammed into his legs and knocked him over. His face hit the stones, but he was still laughing.

"Go!" he heard Andrew yell as he scrambled to his feet.

Alex helped up Jonno then Harry, turning towards the house as the security light came on, followed closely by the opening of the front door. His heart lurched.

"Oh shit!"

The owner of the house yelled something Alex didn't have the time to understand as he helped up Kiel and they ran around the hedge and onto the road.

"Go, go!" Alex yelled.

They ran along the road laughing while the owner of the house yelled at them from the safety of his front lawn. They ran past a house before Alex found another hedge. He ran off the road and 'super-manned' it without missing a stride.

'Super-manning' something is essentially diving into a hedge head-first. More brain damage that way.

Alex hadn't felt this particular hedge before, and it turns out that there were hardly any branches whatsoever. He shot straight through it as if it wasn't there, then landed flat on his face. The wind was knocked out of him with a giant _whoosh!_

He gasped, standing up and then struggling to run and laugh. He came up with a half wheeze that sounded like Frankenstein's monster with the flu.

"Fucking go!"

He limped across the road to join the others in their own marathon. Andrew was at the head of the pack, navigating back and forth along the road as if someone were shooting at him. As if the _Covenant_ were shooting at him.

Alex's ran became a jog, then a power walk, until he came to a stop. A blank look crossed his face as he remembered the pain he had suffered in the middle of that game. The pain that he had caused the fake men and women who then became real, living, breathing human beings upon his arrival. He had to live with the fact that they had died

"Alex!" The shout came from a distance, as if the person were standing at the end of a long, long tunnel.

He breathed faster, faster, fasterâ€¦fasterâ€¦faster...faster, faster.

"Alex!" the second yell scared the shit out of him.

Harry was in his face, laughing and grabbing his shoulders and pulling him along. Alex snapped out of it and ran as well, the smile completely wiped from his face.

He would have to deal with this, sooner rather than later.

* * *

><p>As they continued on, no one noticed a slight movement against the houses to their right â€“ a shadow moving on a shadow. The figure moved swiftly and gracefully alongside the group whilst eyeing them, Alex in particular.<p>

* * *

><p>After a few more corners were rounded, and the group was sure that the heat was off, they slowed to a jog. Jonno and Kiel slapped a high-five. Harry laughed, and Andrew collapsed on the ground in a heap.<p>

"That," panted Harry. "Was _awesome_!"

A glance to the left of the figure insured that the old man was still making his way up the street with a shovel in hand. That would be an obstacle. The figure took a deep breath and then flitted from the safety of a shrub out into the open and towards the laughing hooligans.

More laughter. Alex doubled over began coughing among fits of laughter, and Jonno pulled off one of his thongs and tossed it at him. "Die quietly." He joked.

Suddenly a mass _slammed_ into Alex, sending air exploding out of his lungs. He went sprawling along the ground and rolled a couple of metres, wrestling with his new opponent. The rest of the group yelled their surprise and fell backwards in shock, unsure of what to do.

With a jolt of fear, Alex realised that it was an alien â€“ an Elite or a Jackal of the Covenant..

They're here.

He tried to scream, but no air came out of his lungs. A flare of light shone on the creature's face, and Alex's horror subsided.

"Thea?" Alex panted, his disbelief apparent.

The 'creature' was in fact Thea Wright, a 14 year old girl whose house sits only a few streets away from Alex's. Although the two were

seemingly binary opposites, there was an obvious spark between them. Sporting wavy, dark brunette hair and blue eyes, she was the new target for the guys at the school that they shared.

Right now, however, she was sitting on top of him, and he was holding her wrists.

Think of something snappy, she thought, then put on a smug grin and looked at her watch in the light of Kiel's torch.

"3â€¦2â€¦1â€¦ congratulations, Alex â€" 14 years old. You've caught up with the rest of us."

Alex felt a strange warmth travel through his body. _She remembered_ But then he panicked.

Think of something snappyâ€¦

"Well, I don't think that's the _most_ subtle come on from you just yet." He smirked.

Thea's smile disappeared, and she leapt off of Alex. Spinning around to face Kiel, she placed her hands on her hips. "Will you please stop shining that light in my face?"

Andrew, Kiel, Jonno and Harry were all still on the grass, flabbergasted by the fact that Thea had burst out of the shadows.

Suddenly, a shout aroused them.

"It's the old man!" hissed Alex, struggling to find his feet.

"And that's exactly why I've been following you half the night â€" he's got a bloody shovel!"

"I've always wanted a guardian angel."

"Yeah, but if you call be Gabriel I'll call you an Ambulance."

In this short exchange they had all found their feet, and stood in a circle. A silence had fallen over them.

"So what do we do now?" Kiel asked, flashlight still in hand.

Thea started to speak and Kiel turned to face her, but in doing so shone the light in her face. "Ow, Jesus Kiel!"

He apologised and clumsily flicked it off before stuffing it once more into his pocket.

"We have to go back to the house" Harry said.

Andrew was against it.

"We've only just started!" he argued.

"But didn't you hear? The man's got a fucking shovel."

"The _old_ man. We can outrun him."

"Yeah â€" straight back to the house"

Andrew started to rebut, but decided against it.

"Fine," he said with a sigh. "I've got work in the morning anyway."

"_Hey!_"

The shout made them all turn. Standing on the gutter was the old man, holding a shovel as if it were a sword.

"Run!" Jonno bellowed, breaking the silence that had fallen over them.

In response they all ran, save Alex, who was rooted to the spot.

Contrary to what Andrew had said, the old man was fast for someone his age, and had crossed the large gap with a stride in seconds. With no mercy, he swung the shovel at Alex.

A hand grabbed Alex's arm and pulled him away. He felt the _whoosh_ as the shovel missed him by inches.

He just took a swing at me! Alex thought in disbelief as Thea pulled him towards a footpath running between houses.

"Hurry up!" Thea yelled over her shoulder as she let go of his arm and ran ahead. She cleared the 'alley' and turned to look back.

Alex wasn't there.

She groaned and ran back into the darkness of the path. The old man was a while away and, judging by the fading of his shouts, had gone in the wrong direction.

"Alex?" she hissed.

A whimper. She pressed on, her eyes scanning the darkness.

"Alex?"

There. He was crouched in a corner formed by two wooden fences. Thea moved towards him.

"Come on, Alex, we have to go. The others areâ€¦" she trailed off when she got a look at his face.

That look. He wore the same look of anguish that she had seen before. Only this time it was laced with shock, and he quivered and whimpered.

"Alex?" she asked again, kneeling to get eye-level with him.

No response.

* * *

><p>Alex ran with Thea down a narrow path, away from the old man with the shovel.<p>

"Hurry up!" she bellowed.

Suddenly, an explosion detonated a ways away, throwing billowing flames into the sky. Panic jolted through him, and he stopped. The sky turned from black to grey, lit up by the explosion, and the others that joined it. An invisible force slammed into him and knocked him onto the ground. Looking up, he saw that most of the houses were gone, and those left standing were blackened ruins. Loose flecks of dirt tumbled around the now-red sky. Thea was nowhere to be seen.

He called out for here. There was no response but the howling wind.

A roar chilled him to his bones, and he turned to see an Elite standing roughly 20 metres away, wielding a Covenant Energy Sword.

"Alex!"

The shout made him turn back, and he saw a figure, burnt to a crisp from the explosions, staggering towards him. And then realisation hit him.

"Thea?" he whimpered.

The figure who was once Thea staggered forwards for a few more metres before falling to the ground and exploding into dust. Alex tried to scream, but the sound was caught in his throat. He turned around once more to find the Elite towering above him. The alien raised the sword menacingly before driving into Alex's shoulder â€" the same one that was shot on Lockout during the Halo 2 multiplayer.

This time the scream came easily.

* * *

><p>"Jesusâ€¦"<p>

Thea kneeled in front of Alex and watched in amazement as blood began to pour from his shoulder. She quickly wiped the blood away, without a thought on what she was doing, and was astonished at what she saw.

There was no wound.

"We need to get you to a hospital," she said frantically, and then pulled out her mobile phone and dialled triple-zero. Alex whimpered softly.

"Hello? Get me an Ambulance. No, I don't have time-. But-. Christine street, Kuraby. Family?"

When the mind runs overtime, it can leave certain vital pieces of information out â€" pieces that might be need-to-know. This phone conversation turned out to be one of those times.

"None. No family. Thea Wright. Okay. Thank you."

* * *

><p>Brisbane city was lit up like a Christmas tree, despite the fact
that it was just after midnight. Cars travelled busily along highways
and bridges as many people finished or started shifts at work.<p>

In an empty alleyway, there was a flash of light, and an Elite in
white armour appeared in mid-roar. It continued shouting for a full
half unit before stopping to examine its surroundings. The location
was still the human's prized 'Earth' â€" no doubt there â€" but it
was somehow less sophisticated than the previous location he had been
deployed to.

Thuma 'Olsomee did a double-take before looking around again. Where
had the armoured human gone? He growled. Looking down he saw three
bullet holes in his left breastplate with purple blood oozing out of
them.

He then realised that he had been blessed â€" blessed by the Prophets
â€" and given another chance.

Another chance to attack the human stronghold, with a little more
planning this time.

Eyeing the human's pathetic structures used for construction, a plan
formed in his mind. He did not know whether he was the only soldier
to have this strange experience but hopefully, given time, more would
arrive. That was fine by him. The plan would require time,
regardless. For a brief moment he had a vision of a shiny new
destroyer in the fleet â€" for him to command.

With his mandibles formed into what could pass for a twisted grin,
Olsomee slowly backed into the shadows.

* * *

><p><strong>END PART 1<strong>

* * *

><p><strong>AN: Sorry this has taken so very, very long. Please
review!**

End
file.